DECEMBER 1909

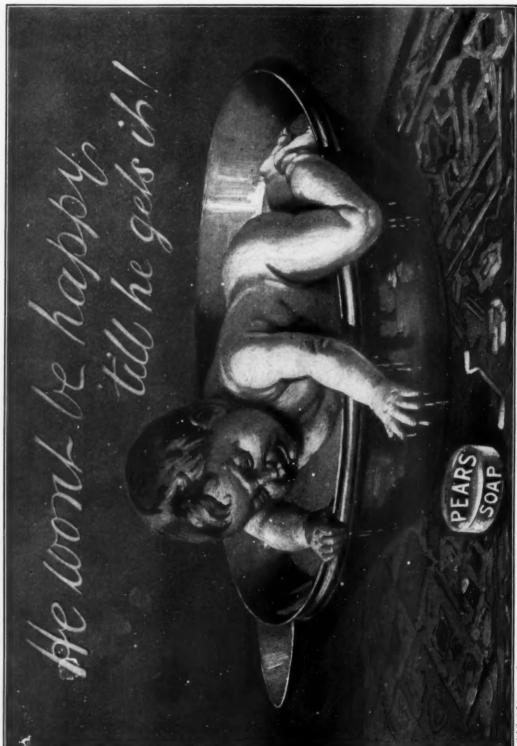
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REDBOOK MAGAZINE



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THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE

EDITED BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

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Louis V. De Foe

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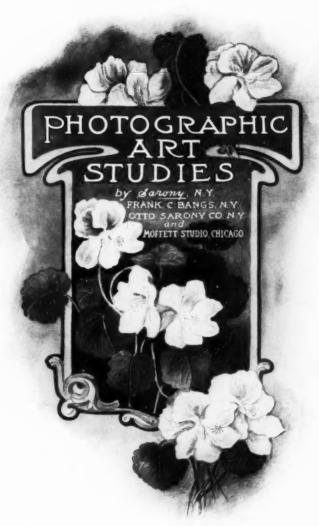
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"Come," she called from the door. "There is no time to lose"

To accompany "The Ghost of Walter Parry"-page 209



December 1909 VOILXIIV

No. 2

The Ghost of Walter Parry

MAGAZINE

BY ROBERT HERRICK

AUTHOR OF "TOGETHER," "THE COMMON LOT," ETC.

Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins



I was an unusual hour for Parry to return from the city, especially on a Tuesday in April. The sun had not yet sunk behind the low hills that surrounded the little suburb; its slanting golden beams just reached the upper windows of the houses, Chewing nervously at

the cigar which he had put into his mouth an hour before at his office and had forgotten to light, Parry crossed the still desolate garden and approached the front door. As he fumbled for his keys he heard the sound of thin feminine voices in the amiable commonplaces of departure, and hastily withdrew into a path that led to a side veranda. Mrs. Parry, hearing a step in the library, looked in.

"You here, Walter! You frightened me. What made you come in

that way, like a tramp?"

Walter Parry removed the unlighted cigar from his mouth; his lips trembled as if now that he had to speak he had lost the power. Apparently his worn, distressed appearance escaped his wife's attention, for as he failed to reply she repeated her question impatiently.

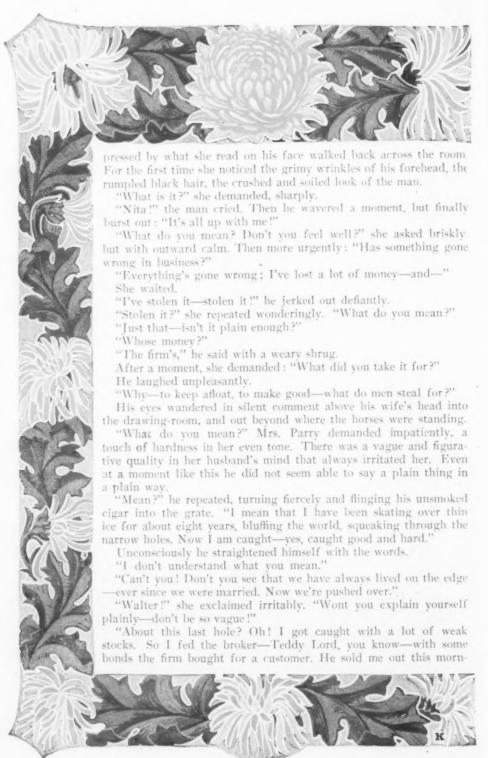
"Why are you home so early? I was just going over to mother's

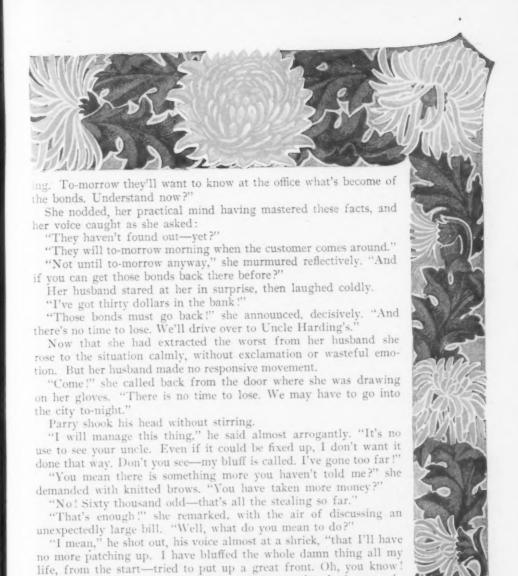
for the children. There's the carriage now!"

She turned towards the door, but Parry, quickly raising his hand, detained her. "Wait a moment!" As she merely paused in her purpose, he added in a burst: "Sit down, Nita! Something to say to you something important!"

Mrs. Parry now looked at her husband more closely, and im-





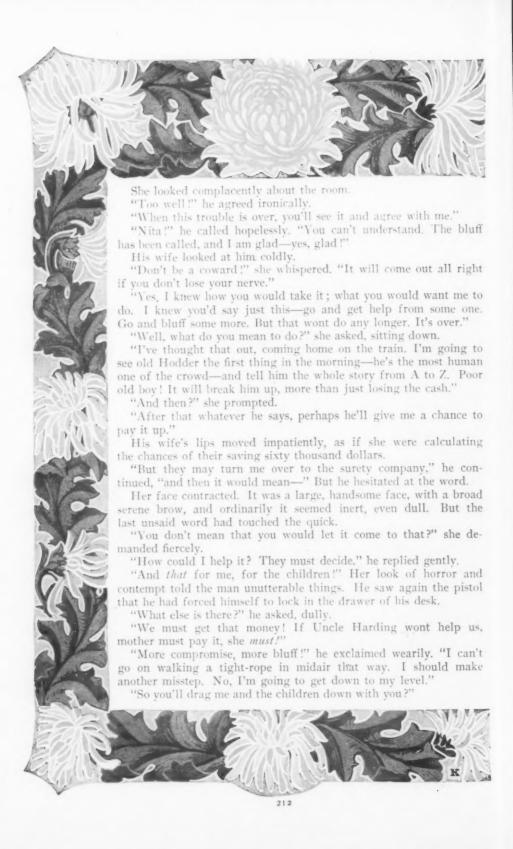


I got married to you when I was a clerk on a hundred a month, and you—well, look at this place here, and what we've done. We've been living at Penmarsh five years, ever since your mother gave us the house, at eight thousand a year. My salary is five. The pro-

Mrs. Parry listened to his outburst, then replied unexcitedly. "We have been over all that, Walter. It was best for you to have a position, to be somebody. Mother helped us. And I think we have

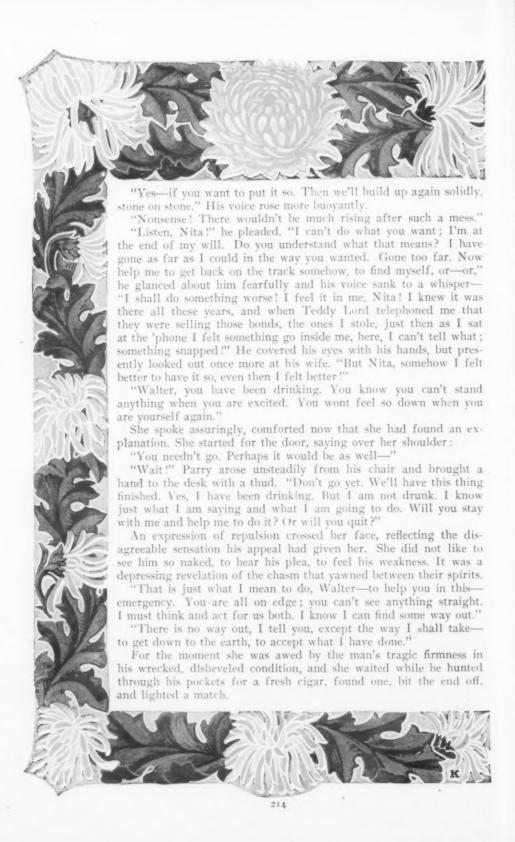
portion is wrong," he ended in feeble irony.

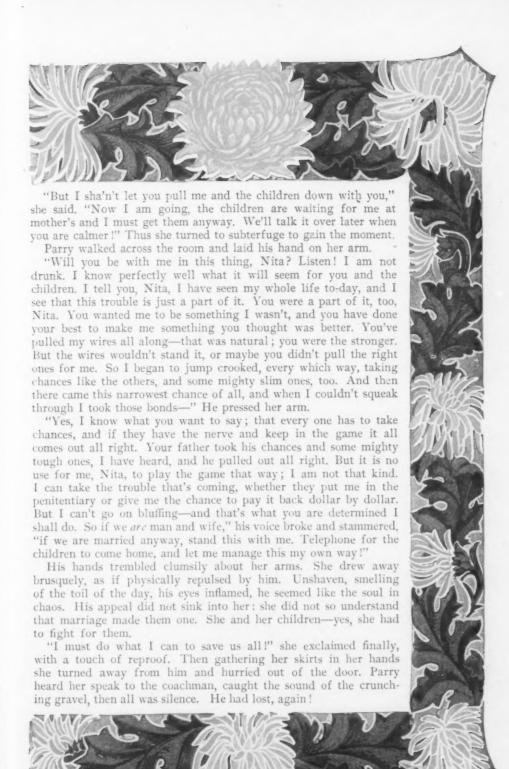
done very well on what we had.'

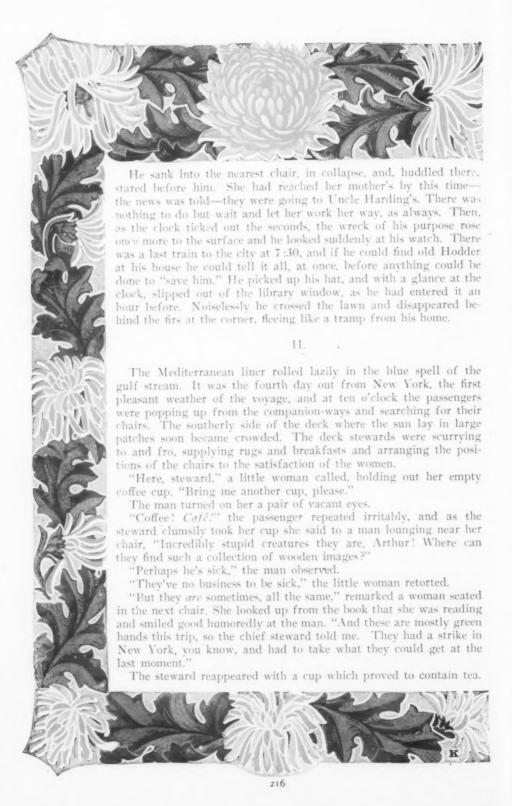


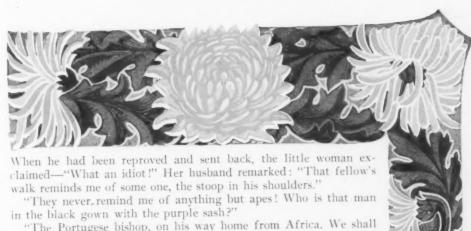


"I must go back-to the ghost"









"The Portugese bishop, on his way home from Africa. We shall drop him Friday at the Azores. He was in the smoking-room last night—speaks pretty fair English, seems to be a good sort."

The awkward steward reappeared with the coffee, and as he handed it to the little woman his eyes met the gaze of her companion, who had dropped her book. For a moment they looked at each other, as if caught by some cross-current of recollection; then the steward moved away, his hairy fingers twitching nervously.

"What's the matter, Nancy?" the little woman demanded as the other leaned forward grasping the arms of her chair.

"I have just seen a ghost!" the younger woman murmured.

"Don't be silly, Nan!"

"You knew the Walter Parrys at Penmarsh, Alice? Nita Parry was the daughter of old Grandport. Walter Parry got into some trouble—the papers were full of it just before we left. What was the matter with Walter Parry, Arthur?" she asked the man.

"Oh, he got caught on the wrong side of the market and stole securities from the bond house he was with. Very foolish thing to do, but when a man gets in a corner you never know what fool thing he'll do."

"And he disappeared, didn't he?"

"So the papers said."

"That was not like him," the younger woman murmured.

"I should think her people would have paid back the money and kept it quiet," the little woman commented. "They're rich enough!"

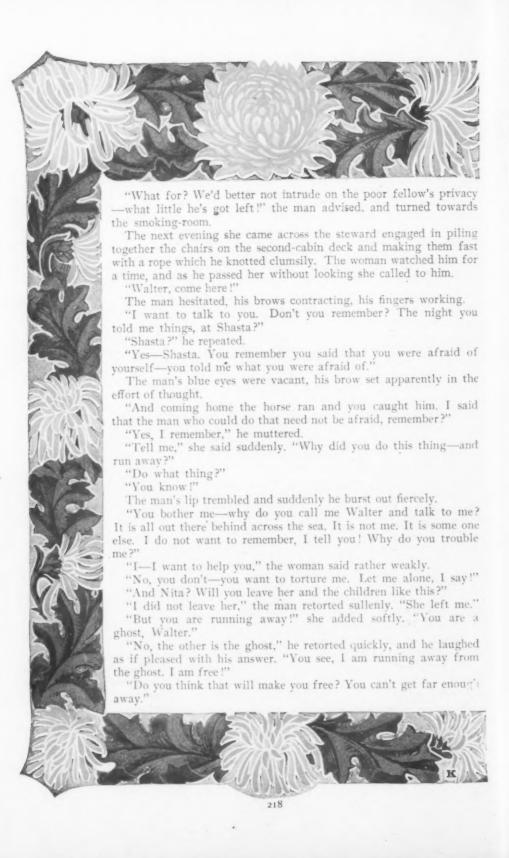
"Perhaps they did," the man said, "and sent him off—who knows? But why should he stick himself in here where he's sure to be spotted by people who know him! Are you sure, Nancy?"

"Almost, and I shall find out before we reach Naples!"

"Perhaps," the man suggested, "he'd prefer not to have the

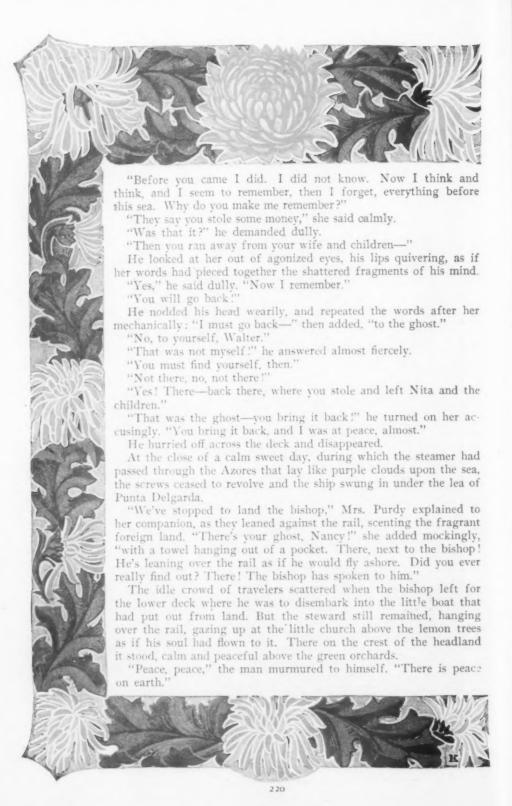
acquaintance renewed!"

"Of course not. That's why he was so dumb about the coffee!" his wife remarked. "And now he's seen us, he'll probably take French leave at Gib. Do you think we ought to tell the captain?"





"So I can't pay-even this?" he asked slowly





Suddenly turning he saw the woman who had made him remember and shuddered. She looked into his suffering face, saw the tears in his eyes, and was silent. What she had it in her to say she understood would be trivial. "Walter!" she faltered. But the man had gone. As she stood there leaning over the rail and listening to the commotion on the deck below she saw the bishop in his long robes step over the ship's side and descend into the little boat. The screws began slowly to revolve, when the bishop called back to an officer and then quickly one of the stewards appeared with a bag and climbed down the rope ladder into the boat. The Portugese sailors let go of the steamer's rope. There were loud orders, gesticulations on both sides; while the bishop and the steward faced each other in the little boat that was fast drifting astern.

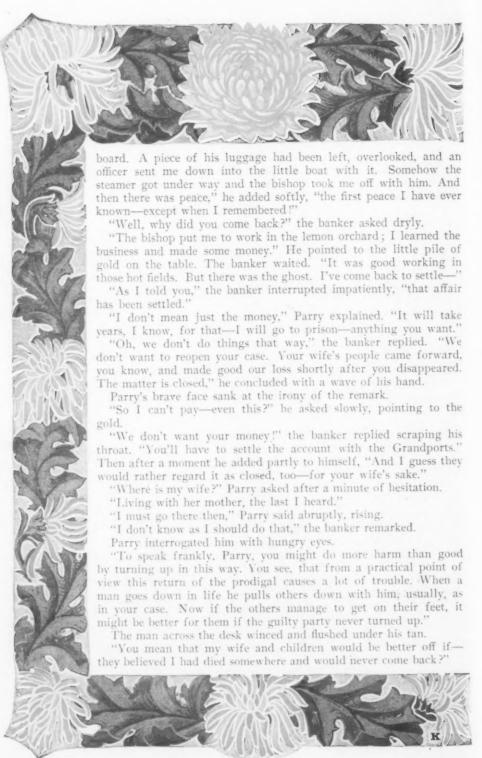
III.

The old banker looked across his desk somewhat distastefully at the lean, shabby figure before him. Between them lay a little pile of gold coin. The man was speaking, gesticulating with a brown hand:

"I don't know what happened that night, Mr. Hodder," he said, in a low, even voice. "I've tried hard to remember, but I can't. When I left your house the only idea I had was to get through the night somehow and come back here in the morning as I told you I would. I was pretty shaky, and I may have stepped in somewhere and got a drink. I don't know. The first I recollect after seeing you I was on that steamer out at sea and everything behind me was a perfect blank. It might have stayed so for good. Sometimes, to be sure, I was bothered by trying to understand things I couldn't just recall, and nothing seemed familiar. Then one day it all came back. There were some people on the steamer who recognized me, and one of them, a woman, spoke to me and made me remember. She told me what I had done, what I had been! Oh, it was bad!"

He leaned his elbows on the desk and shuddered.

"She said I must go back. I did not want to, but perhaps she was right. There did not seem anything else to do. And I suppose I should have gone back at once if it had not been for an accident. Something which took me out of myself. You see, the steamer stopped at the Azores to land the Portugese bishop who was on





The banker nodded. Parry walked across the silent office. Outside there was the click of typewriters, the hum of business, and from the street, a roar—it had been the atmosphere of his life, which he had breathed for many years. It was his shell to which he had come back—the shell that held his ghost!

"You must start over somewhere else, make a new life for your-

self, Parry."

"So I am wiped off the slate— The mud I raised here has settled down." Then with more fire than he had hitherto shown:

"You think I am a miserable, weak fool, so it makes little difference what becomes of me as long as I don't trouble others. I had my chance and showed what I was worth—couldn't play the game according to rules, and was kicked out! And the best thing I can do is to take my miserable self where I wont disturb those who can play the game better than I did. You don't even want my money. Perhaps you are right. But that is not all."

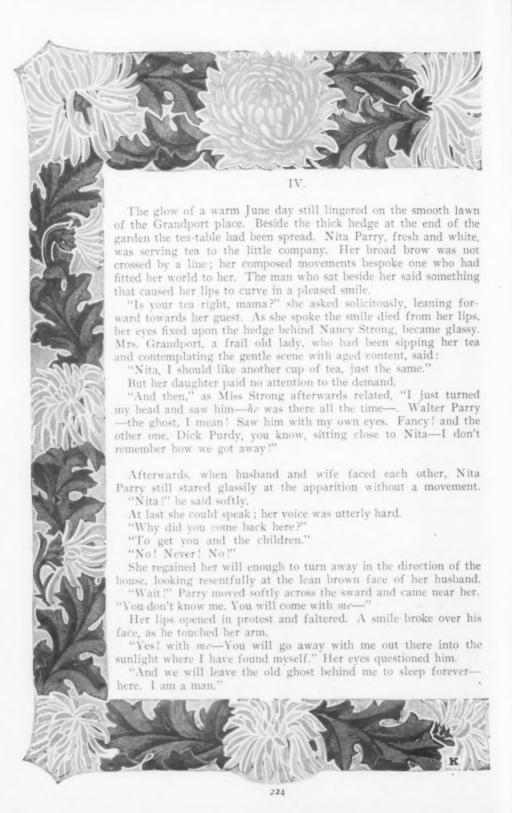
His brown hand curled up into a hard ball.

"This game here of yours was not for me. I didn't fit in. Maybe that's as much the fault of the game as of me. When I got out there in the sea, alone, before that fool woman tackled me, I was nearer right than I had ever been in my life. And while I lived over there in the lemon orchards at Delgarda, working on the soil, seeing the sky and the sea, I was a man, not a ghost. And there is a place in the world for the man—I'll find it. The bishop said it was a man's part to come back here and make square with the ghost. I've come back, and you'll have none of me. But you'll finish with the ghost—good-day!"

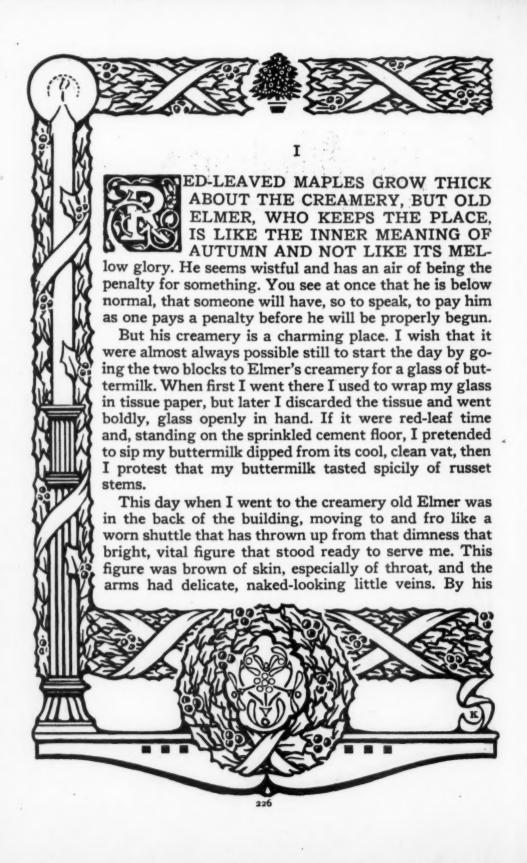
He was gone, and the old banker, pondering his confused words, said to himself something about unbalanced and hysterical temperaments, something of contempt, and that night he told his wife he

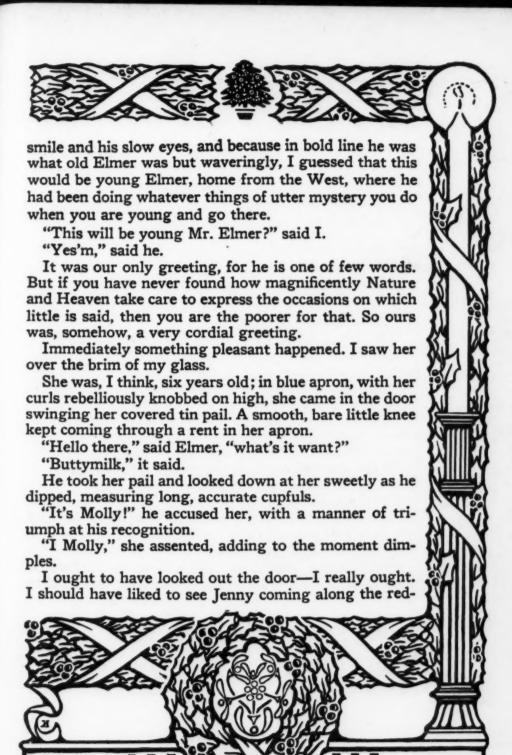
had seen a ghost.

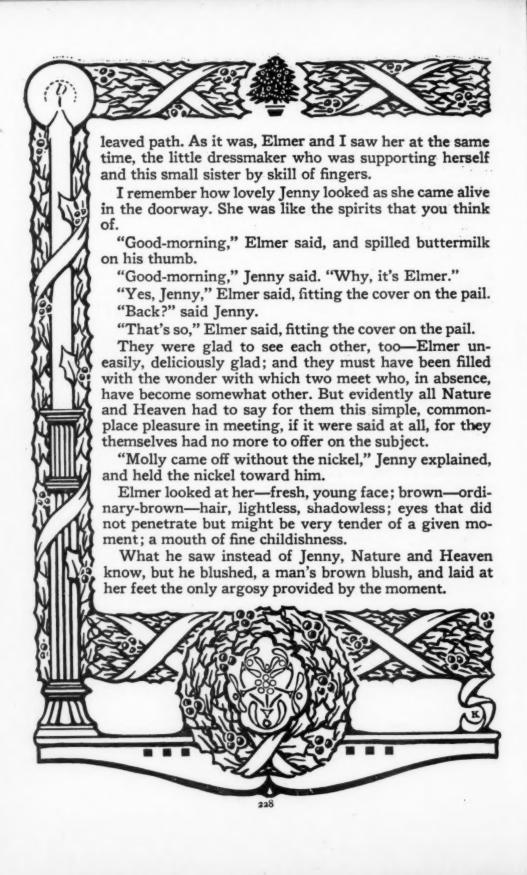
Parry, passing through his old quarters in the outer offices, looked about him with curious eyes, as he might regard the fantastic furniture of a dream. There were clerks at the desk whom he had know and spoken with daily for years, but he did not speak to them. They would start at the voice of the ghost. So the shabby figure with the lean brown face went on into the street where many men hurried to and fro, and the bubble of a multifarious life dinned in his ears, sounding as the roar of a distant ocean.

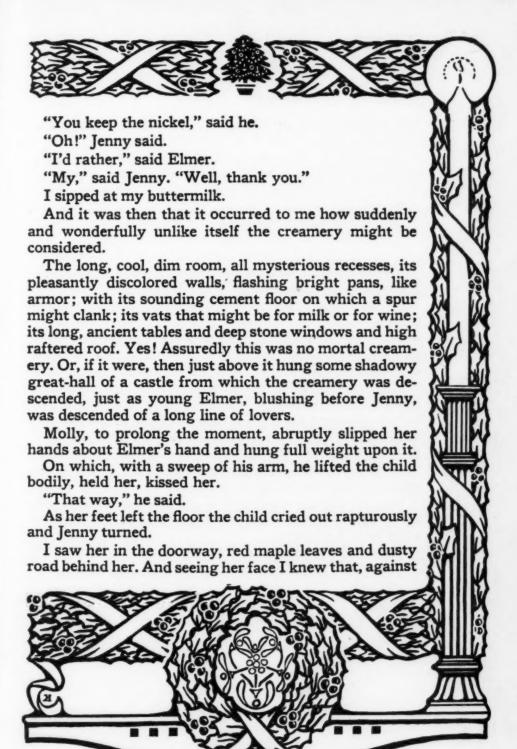


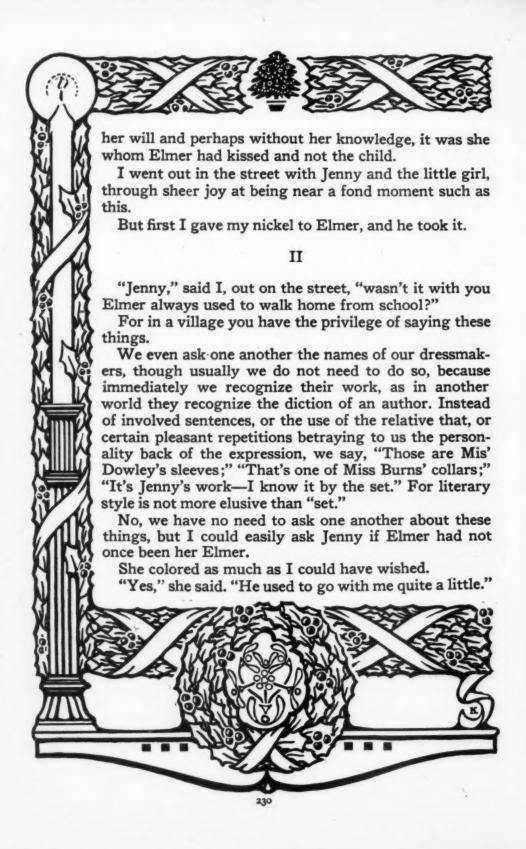
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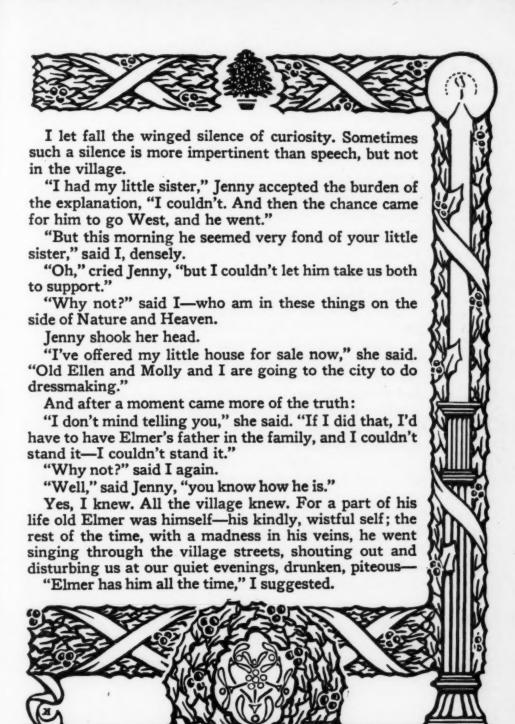


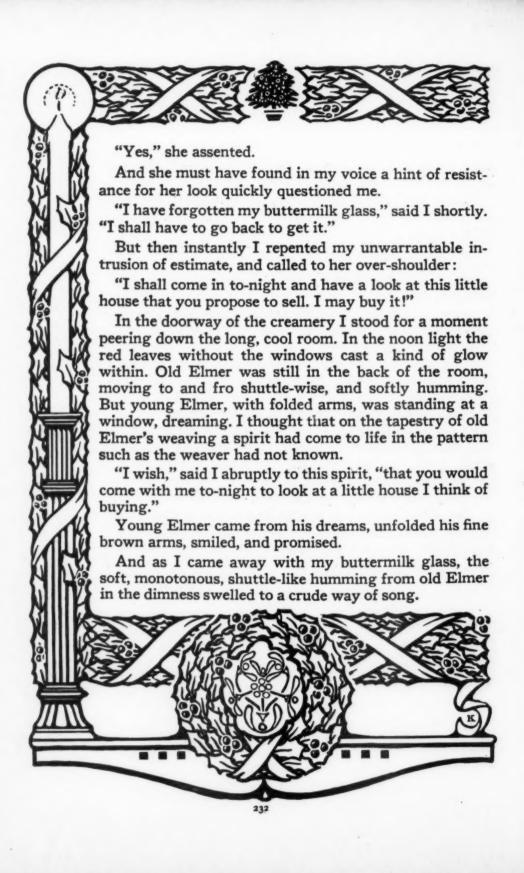


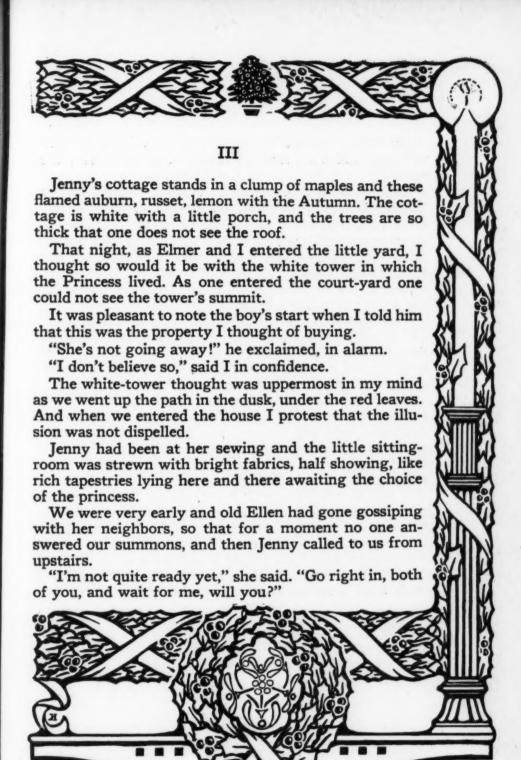


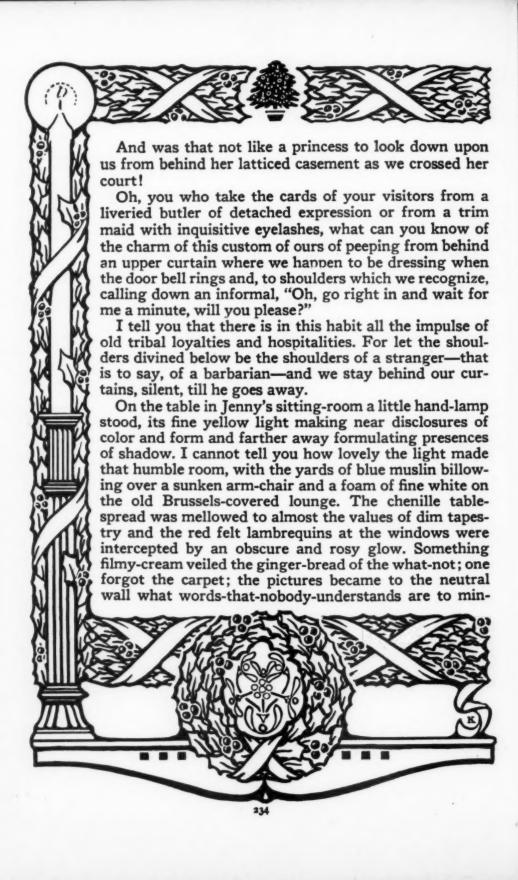


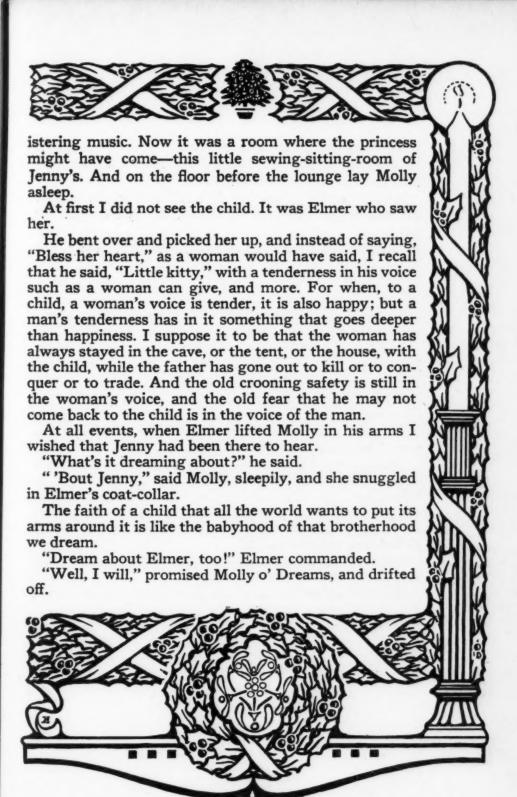


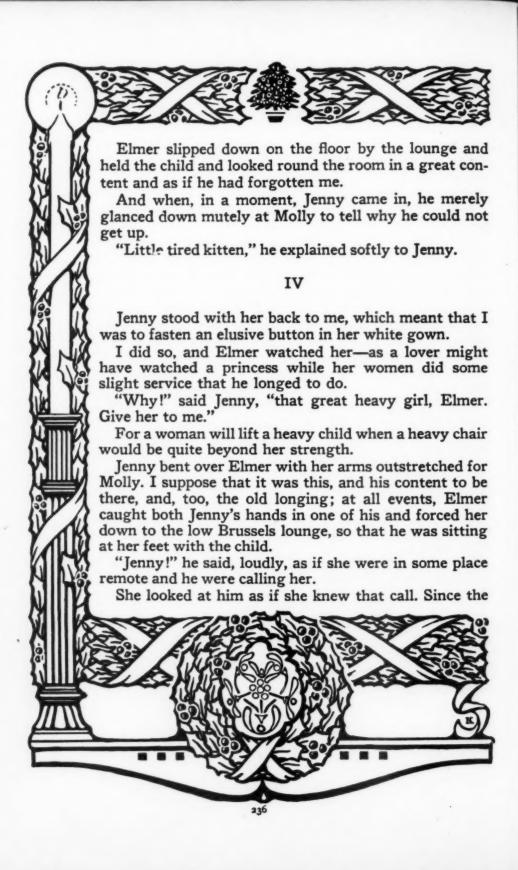


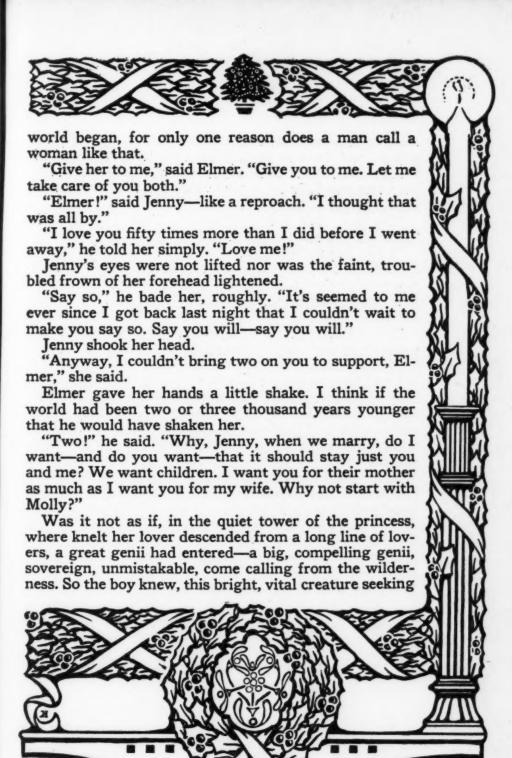


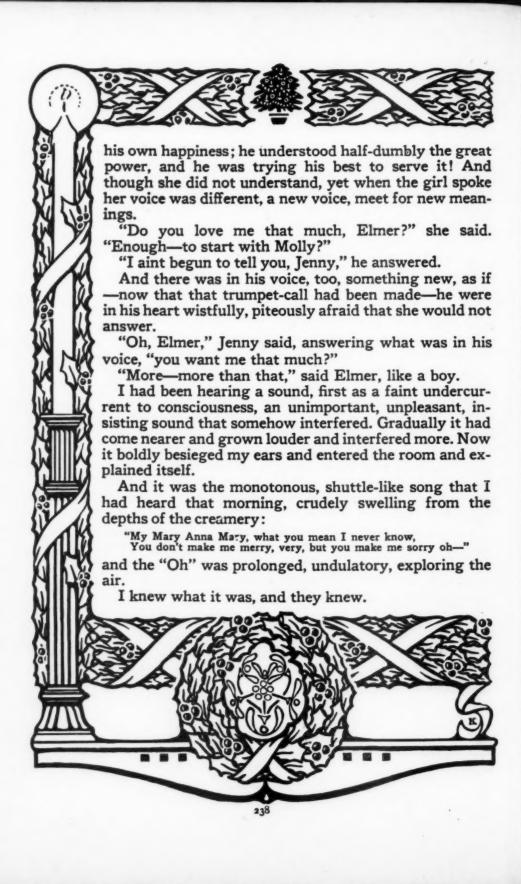


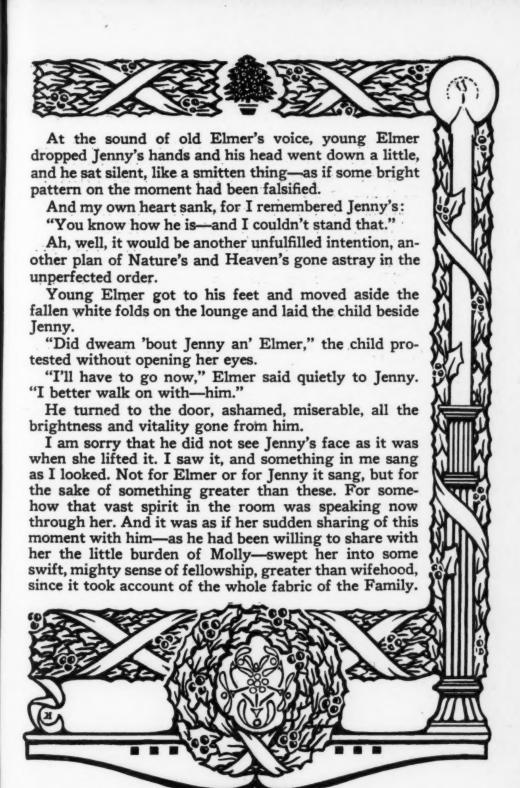


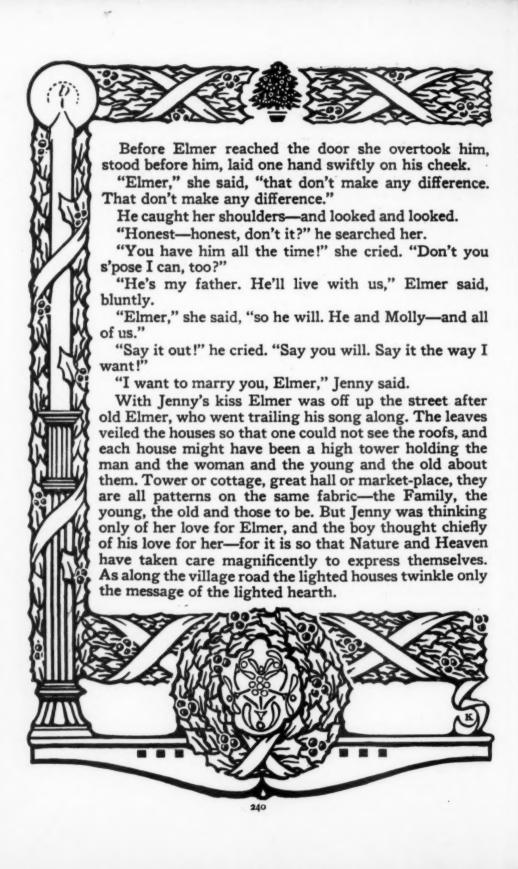














Back to Eva

The Silver-Backed Brush

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

ILLUSTRATED BY H J. MOWAT

I T appeared on Christmas-eve in the window of one of the little pawn shops on south James Street, a notable object amidst the surrounding trash. It was a woman's hair-brush of a graceful oval shape, a little old-fashioned, with an unadorned silver back. There was something first-class in the look of it, in its simplicity and fineness; there could be no doubt it had originally been chosen for her own by a woman of gentle tastes. Only a slight effort of the imagination was required to picture slender fingers enclosing the handle, and drawing the brush through soft, long hair.

John Dawbarn, sullenly glancing in the shop-windows while he waited for an east-end car, was struck by the look of it, and faced about. He could not have told why he stopped—certainly women's hairbrushes were not in his line; but the fact remained that this one moved him oddly; and in the end, with a covert glance about him to make sure his weakness was not observed, he went inside the shop-and inquired the price. It was sold, the pawnbroker told him with many apologies, but if he would come around at half-past eight, if the other person had not called he could have it. Dawbarn paused for an instant; the pawnbroker glanced at him shrewdly, and remarked tentatively that the brush was sold for ten dollars.

"I'll give you twelve," said Dawbarn, instantly.

Without comment the pawnbroker took the brush out of the window, and wrapped it in a piece of newspaper. Dawbarn placed the money on the counter, and thrusting the parcel in the inner pocket of his coat, hastened out of the shop hot and confused, suspecting the pawnbroker and the indifferent people outside alike of jeering at him.

The 7:45 Bartonville car waited at the city line with four passengers. This suburban railway, which consists of three miles of track and a single car, is Bartonville's own institution, its patronizing

concession to modernity. The car is naturally the meeting-place, the news-exchange, the lyceum of the inhabitants and the motorman and conductor needs must be thoroughly en rapport with village affairs: the conductor in especial might be termed the herald of Bartonville. The present incumbent of the rear platform, Archy Biggar, had a due sense of the weight of his position; he was a young man, very untidy about the extremities, and inclining to premature fat, but both receptive and of a freely conversational turn.

Mr. Tableporter, a small man laden with gifts for his offspring, consulted his watch, and said with the furtive assurance of the much-wived man:

"Let 'er go, Archy."

But the conductor made no move to pull the bell.

"John Dawbarn said he'd be going back this trip," he said, uneasily. "I hardly like to start without him."

Mrs. Tableporter, generalissimo of the village social forces, snorted.

"Humph! One would think John Dawbarn was the Grand Mogul!" she said. "I'm not afraid of him!"

Mrs. Tableporter was a woman who sits on the extreme edge of a trolley-car seat; after her arduous shopping her plumage, a work of the local modiste's art, was somewhat awry; though, indeed, at all times Mrs. Tableporter had the appearance of emerging from a struggle. She seemed never quite to get her breath.

A tall young man sitting opposite, chiefly remarkable for the bulk and shine of his patent leathers, dazzling to the eyes as one picked one's way around them, remarked that this seemed to be something of a tartar.

"A bear!" said Mrs. Tableporter. "Has the village terrorized with his broad shoulders and his black looks and his shut mouth. Tries to act the wronged husband, indeed; thinks it's very fine to keep himself to himself, and pass his lifeong neighbors with a scowl. It's a pity he didn't have a woman of spirit to put him down, instead of getting a timid little creature who shook when he looked at her."

"He's rich, isn't he?" queried the young man, whose name was Jake Perrin, and who was suitor to a maiden of Bartonville.

"More acres than religion," said Mrs. Tableporter, sententiously. "His peaches are better than his deeds. The way he goes on at this time of year is disgraceful; sneers and jeers at folks for laying out money on Christmas gifts!"

"Maybe Christmas hurts him more than other times," suggested the fourth passenger, little Miss Whybrow, the

seamstress.

"I'm sure I hope it does," said Mrs. Tableporter, piously. "If ever a man deserved it, he does. To treat his wife the way he did! She was from way up Bruce county way, as pretty spoken a little woman as you could find; and Dawbarn, from a boy dumb and surly, the kind that thinks it a shame to let any natural feeling show. He resented her innocent spirits; they didn't get on-but to accuse her of wrongdoing!-the man was beside himself! Afterwards he was too stubborn and wrong headed to allow he could have been mistaken. None of us blamed her for running away! It's lucky she had no children! And do you know, he never turned a hand to look for her!"

"How he must have suffered to be in the wrong all these years," said Miss Whybrow sentimentally, "and too proud

to admit it."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Tableporter.

"Just naturally cross-grained!"

Further discussion was cut short by the arrival of Dawbarn himself on the next car from the city. True to the character Mrs. Tableporter had given him, he passed through the car without recognizing his neighbors, and sitting by the front door, buried his head in a newspaper.

As they got under way for Bartonville a sixth passenger joined the company in the person of a small boy who, appearing unexpectedly out of the darkness beside the track, swung himself on the rear platform. He came inside and sat down by the door. He was a thin boy and had the look of being small for his age. His clothes were shabby but well looked-after. The noticeable thing about him was



He could not have told why he stopped

his extreme pallor, taken with the distended, fixed look of his eyes. They were the eyes of a child who lives in a world of his own creation, where the actualities of existence that grown people make such a fuss about, drift by heeded no more than clouds. Just now it would appear from his expression this world of his was a frightful place; a sort of dark valley where one struggled against overwhelming odds without a hope of succor.

They all, except Dawbarn, stared at him curiously. It was a point of pride in Bartonville to know everyone's visitors and especially important to Archy Biggar to be able to give an account of all

who traveled on the line.

"Do you know him?" asked Mrs. Tableporter by becks and nods of Miss Whybrow sitting opposite.

Miss Whybrow shook her head.

Mrs. Tableporter's imperious forefinger called Archy Biggar to her side. The conductor reluctantly was forced to confess he had never seen him before.

"He looks hungry," Miss Whybrow

whispered.

Mrs. Tableporter waved the suggestion aside. She was not interested in the boy's feelings until she was satisfied who he was, going down to Bartonville on Christmas eve.

"He isn't delivering anything," re-

marked Archy, acutely.

"He might be one of Frank Tandy's sons, now," said Mrs. Tableporter, thoughtfully, "that married Luella Stringer and took her to Montana twelve years ago. There's a sort of Bartonville look about him. That's what puzzles me! Will!" she said, nudging her husband, "ask him who his folks are."

Mr. Tableporter balked. There is no doubt Mrs. Tableporter would have asked him herself, had not the boy created a diversion. He got up and went out on the back platform where he appeared to be examining the catch which is outside the doors of all trolley-cars.

"And no overcoat!" grumbled Mrs. Tableporter. "He'll catch his death!"

The boy returned and stood for a moment leaning against the door-frame. The meagerness of his body was accentuated by the tight, out-grown jacket he wore. He kept one hand in a side-pocket. From his point of vantage he favored each of the passengers in turn with a look at once so wild and faraway that even Mrs. Tableporter was made uncomfortable.

"Mercy on us! What ails the child!" she exclaimed.

Apparently he did not hear her. He seemed to gather resolution presently and made his way quickly to the front of the car, brushing indifferently past the conductor who stood in his way. He went out on the front platform, leaving the door open behind him.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Ta-

bleporter.

She was bankrupt of astonishment for what immediately followed. The car was brought to a stop with a jerk and Dean, the motorman, came tumbling backwards through the open door, with his hands over his head. They had a fleeting glimpse of a revolver; then the door was slammed to and caught on the outside.

Mrs. Tableporter screamed. Dawbarn and Dean made a simultaneous move for the rear platform, but the boy reached it from the outside before they got under way. He threw open the rear door and

faced them, revolver in hand.

Dean, who had been in the West and knew the potency of the argument in the boy's hand, carelessly dropped in the seat by the front door, and peering through the window, drummed on the pane, and softly whistled between his teeth. Dawbarn, forgetting his terrible air, greeted the appearance of the diminutive highwayman with a broad smile, but thinking better of it he sat down opposite Dean. It was clear to him that this was not the ordinary youthful desperado to be turned over and spanked the boy's mystical and desperate look was more effective than his revolver. As for the other four, they were frankly panic-stricken, though at the same time there was an undertone of blustering indignation at the size of their antagonist, which made Dawbarn smile again.

Archy Biggar, in particular, fairly palpitated with fright. He sank on a seat

near the door and proceeded to hand over the company's change without so much as waiting to be asked for it.

The boy moistened his lips.

"How much is it?" he asked huskily.

"I—I don't know," stammered Archy.
"Count it," said the boy. "I only want

a certain amount."

Archy set about obeying and the boy looked at him of the patent leather shoes who came next on that side.

"Haven't a sou!" said Jake, with an

air of candor.

But even as he spoke, at a fancied move on the part of the boy, a small wad of bills appeared as if by magic from Jake's trousers-pocket and was extended towards the boy.

The boy looked surprised. "One will

do," he said, modestly.

Jake handed it over, and returned the balance thankfully, if sheepishly, to his

pocket.

Little Miss Whybrow, who came next, did not wait to be asked, but got up extending a worn pocket-book, in a hand

trembling within an old black glove.

The oy looked at it, and seeing the pennies and few pieces of silver, shook

Mr. Tableporter across the car peeled off a dollar bill and jogged the boy's elbow. His roll was larger than young

"Two from you," said the boy, tentatively.

He got it.

Mrs. Tableporter puffed out her cheeks in the excess of her indignation: she was afraid to say anything, for she had a pocketbook, too. But the boy, satisfied apparently with his levy on her husband, paid no further attention to the Tableporters.

By this time Archy had completed his count of the company's money. It amounted to three dollars and twenty cents. The boy dropped it in his pocket-book; they saw him make a little mental calculation; then he turned to Dean

at the front of the car.

"Busted," said the motorman, slapping his pockets.

The boy chose to believe him.

Dawbarn came next.

"I've got to have a dollar eighty from you," he said, in the same husky, dull tones.

Dawbarn arose.

"Particular about the exact change?" he asked, with a grin.

"Yes," said the boy, oblivious to any joke, "to make up the eight dollars."

Dawbarn, still smiling mockingly, thrust a hand in his pocket and ap-

proached the boy.

In the course of his few steps he discovered what had escaped the others; the four visible chambers of the revolver were empty; it was a pretty safe chance. He drew his hand out of his pocket—but not to produce money. Instead, he coolly grasped the barrel of the revolver and twitched it aside.

Miss Whybrow threatened to faint, but the weapon dropped harmlessly from

the boy's hand.

He half-turned, as if to run, but Dawbarn threw his other arm about him and sitting, pulled him down beside him. The overwrought child instantly collapsed. Straining away from his captor, he hid his face in his arm and burst into tears. Dawbarn looked at the antique weapon he had seized, empty-chambered and immovable with rust, and grimly laughed.

Once the boy was secured, the uncanny silence which had prevailed in the car during the last few minutes was rudely broken. Miss Whybrow dissolved in sympathetic tears. Archy Biggar, Jake Perrin and Mrs. Tableporter joined in vociferating their losses, and made a simultaneous descent on the boy. It is true the last named had not lost anything, but her husband's pocketbook was as dear to her as her own. Dawbarn fended them off with his free arm.

They retired.

Mrs. Tableporter puffed, clucking, and wagging her forefinger at the boy.

"Pasty-face little jail-bird!" she cried.
"If you were mine, I'd teach you!"

Dean having made his way back to the front platform, the interrupted journey to Bartonville was resumed. Dawbarn propped his small captive in the corner of the seat. The boy extended his arm on the window sill, and dropping his face



This was not the ordinary desperado

on it, sobbed as if his heart would break. He was incapable of hearing or speaking, and Dawbarn took the money from the pocket he had thrust it in, and distributed it among the late possessors.

Miss Whybrow expressed a timid desire to sit beside the boy and hold his hand.

"Just like a woman!" growled Dawbarn, masking his own secret sympathy for the wrong-doer under a formidable scowl. "Encourage the little son-of-agun to go and do it again!"

Miss Whybrow hastily subsided.

"What are you going to do with him?" demanded Mrs. Tableporter.

"Take him back to town and turn him over to the police," said Dawbarn, coolly.

Mr. Tableporter squirmed uneasily on his seat.

"Aw, say, Dawbarn, we got our money

back," he muttered. "Spank the kid and turn him loose!"

"Christmas-eve, I suppose, et cetera," sneered the other. "No, sir! Sugar and water don't go down with John Dawbarn! The lock-up for thieves, let them be big or little."

"Exactly right," said Mrs. Tableporter, "and give the police our names."

They reached Bartonville directly, and the passengers dropped off at their several destinations, great with the tale it was theirs to spread.

As she was alighting, Mrs. Tableporter recollected there was an important hiatus.

"Boy, what is your name?" she called back.

There was no response. "Find it out for me, and

let me know next trip," she commanded Archy, as the car moved on.

There were no passengers on the return trip, all those spending the evening in town having gone up earlier; and Archy, very ill at ease in the presence of the terrible Daw-

barn, preferring to remain on the platform, the man and the boy had the car to themselves. The boy, having worn himself out with grieving, had fallen into an uneasy sleep. His head was continually slipping off his arm and falling against the man. In order to keep him upright, Dawbarn passed an arm around the slender frame, and the heavy head dropped naturally against his chest. Now that the passengers had all got off, there was the same necessity for keeping up appearances, though he was still uneasy about Archy Biggar seeing him in this compromising attitude.

Strange new forces were at work in the breast of the misanthrope of Barton-ville. Dawbarn was thoroughly perplexed at himself, and very uneasy. The warmth of the little frame pressing against his side seemed to be stealing into his breast and melting an his care-

fully reared defenses. The thin shoulder had slipped snugly under his arm; was he thinking of another shoulder that had nestled there years before? The boy's cap had dropped off, and Dawbarn was conscious of a preposterous desire to run his hand through the thick brown hair. Finally he could stand it no longer. Not knowing to what lengths of folly these inexplicable feelings might carry him, he shook the boy to wake him.

The boy slowly opened his eyes, and for a moment they were calm and sleepy; he half smiled. Then, as recollection returned with the old fear, his slender body shuddered in the curve of the man's arm.

"Don't take on," said Dawbarn,

gruffly. "I'm not going to touch you!"
"The police!" murmured the boy.

Dawbarn looked at him frowning. This pale, great-eyed, soft-voiced child, was anything but Dawbarn's idea of what a boy should be; but there was this insistent tugging in his breast.

"I wont turn you over," he said, suddenly. "Buck up, sonny."

The boy's frame relaxed.

Dawbarn had not meant to go so far. It was surprised out of him. He felt it due to his manhood to add, in his most terrible voice:

"But I didn't say I wouldn't skin you, you little train robber!"

Children are not to be deceived by any such transparent bluff of hardihood. The



The warmth of the ittle frame seemed to be stealing into his breast

boy looked in Dawbarn's face a moment, then let his weary head sink back on the man's breast, murmuring his gratitude.

Dawbarn actually trembled with pleasure. He was delighted to be seen through. It was a terrible temptation to let this delicious softness have way with him and carry him where it would. After all, he thought, the only witness to his weakness would be Archy Biggar, and he could scare him silent with a look at any time.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Jack," said the boy, sleepily.

"That's my name, too," said the man, surprised at how easy it was after all to loosen up. "But I haven't been called it lately."

"I was called after my father," said

the boy.

"Sure, there are plenty of us Jacks," said Dawbarn. "Say, Jack, where did you get the gun?"

"I bought it for my mother," said the

boy.

Dawbarn stared.

"For a Christmas present. She wanted it more than anything."

"Well, that's a queer one!" ejaculated

the man.

"We live at Crown Point," the boy explained; "it's lonesome and there are tramps. She's afraid of them. She's very pretty."

"But this piece of scrap wouldn't do any execution," said Dawbarn, scorn-

fully.

The boy flushed painfully. "I only had fifty cents, and that was the best I could get," he said. "It's just as good," he added, more hopefully. "She only wanted to scare them. She'd be afraid to shoot."

"What started you off on the hold-up game, Jack?" Dawbarn inquired curiously.

The boy stiffened. The question recalled all his terrors.

"What time is it?" he asked, breath-

Dawbarn could make nothing of this. "Twenty minutes past eight," he said, wonderingly.

The boy was plunged back in despair.

"It's too late!" he wailed.

"What is?" he asked.

Dawbarn could not help but be moved by the sight; it was so terribly genuine.

"I had to take the money back by halfpast eight!"

"What for?"

"To get my mother's brush—her silver brush!"

There was a pause.

"At the pawn-shop, Jack?" asked Dawbarn, very quietly.

"Yes," said the boy, scarcely heeding.
"And now someone else will get it. We

will never see it again!"

He turned away from Dawbarn, and hiding his face in his arm as before abandoned himself to grief. Dawbarn gazed at him with an expression as near to awe as his stubborn features could shape. His hand slowly stole inside his coat and felt of the package there.

"She set great store by this brush, eh, Jack?" he asked, in a muffled voice.

"Yes," said the boy; "it's the only thing she had—that my father gave her." Dawbarn drew his breath through set

"He that was called Jack?" he said.

"Yes," said the boy.

Dawbarn was silent for awhile.

"How did it get in the pawnshop, Jack?" he asked at last.

"She sold it without my knowing—to buy me a Christmas present—an overcoat," stammered the boy. "I saw it there after I bought the pistol."

Dawbarn slowly drew his purchase out of his pocket; the crumpled piece of newspaper fluttered to the floor. He turned it over in his great hands gingerly, staring at it with mixed reverence and discomfort, as a man regards his first baby.

"See here, Jack," he said, with an attempt to recover his gruffness.

The boy turned a stricken face. Beholding the brush, his eyes widened, and he hung suspended, doubting the evidence of his sight.

"Is this it?" asked Dawbarn.

The boy put out his hand slowly and fearfully and took the brush. Feeling it real to the touch, he drew close to Dawbarn's side with a sigh, and turned it over on his knees. Twin beams of happiness gathered in his eyes, and a beautiful smile overspread his face. It was clear this brush-was a fetich to the child; he fingered it reverently. He was too happy to speak. Not till long afterwards did he think to ask Dawbarn how he came by it.

Dawbarn was staring fixedly at the boy.

"You said her man gave it to her, Jack?" he said.

The boy nodded.

"Did you ever see him?"

"No. I came a little while after we lost him."

"Is he—dead?" asked Dawbarn. The boy looked uncomfortable.

"I—I don't know," he said. "Dead to us, my mother says. I don't like to ask her about it."

"He must have been an out-and-out bad one!" said the man.

"My mother says he was a fine man," the boy quickly contradicted. "She says she hopes I will be as fine—and please God, not so unhappy."

"She said that!" murmured Dawbarn. Color had returned to the boy's face, and, as he held the beloved object safe in his hands, his tongue was loosed.

"Of all the nice things she used to have she kept this till the last," he said. "We always said, no matter if we had to walk the streets, we'd never sell it. It was the best brush money could buy, and my father used to like to sit and watch her brush her hair, just like I do, and then he was always quiet and kind. And so my mother liked this better than anything, except me. You ought to see my mother's hair—mine is the same color—but hers is softer and hangs down to her waist. And the silver back shines through it! I could watch it all day! My mother's hair is like satin. Ever since I was a baby, I liked better than anything to watch her brush her hair with this. She hangs her hair over her shoulder and pulls the brush through slowly, and it rustles like satin."

"Or, like she was whispering in your ear," said Dawbarn.

"Yes, how did you know?" said the boy.

He went on without waiting for an answer.

"She thought I wouldn't notice when it went, but I did. Why, we had always had it. And she cried all the time after she sold it; I made believe not to see her, but I did. I didn't know what to do! And then, after I bought her the pistol, I saw it lying there in the dirty showwindow-our own silver brush !--where anybody could buy it and take it away for theirs. I felt bad! I had to do something. It was ten dollars. The man said he would keep it for me till half-past eight. So I went to a man I know who has money, and I told him, but he laughed, and gave me two dollars, and said, buy your mother a sensible present, sonny. Then I didn't know what to do. I walked everywhere, thinking and thinking about it. I was nearly crazy.

"Then I saw the car just leaving, and I thought if I got on and sung like the watch-nighters, the people would give me money. But my voice wouldn't come, and anyway eight dollars was too much to get just for singing, and it was getting late. I had to have it, and there was such a little time! And then I put my hand in my pocket and felt the pistol—I—I—I don't remember after that—"

He closed his eyes and shuddered.

Dawbarn gave him a reassuring hug.
"Buck up, Jack!" he cried. "You'll never get yourself in another mess like that—please God!—as your mother says."

The boy looked at Dawbarn shyly.
"It's lucky you were there," he said.
"You're right, it's lucky," said Daw-

barn, grimly.
"How glad she'll be to see me!" said

the boy, blissfully. "And the silver brush!"

Dawbarn scowled oddly at the boy. He leaned over and took the brush out of his hands.

"Look here, Jack," he said, humbly enough. "I paid for it! God knows I paid for it, one way and another! This Jack has learned his lesson; I think I have a kind of right to take it back to Eva myself!"

"Eva?" repeated the astonished boy. "How did you know her name?"



He had seen that he must be saved

I

WE had followed the fall of our fathoming lines faithfully—recklessly; and for five weeks we had slipped, uncaring, from all touch with other men. Land, we had left long before; and we had lost the last shred of sail or smoke, which spoke other ships, those five long weeks behind, when we first had fetched our four thousand six hundred fathoms and found that our deepest deep-sea sounding lines had struck but the shallow shelf of the mighty ocean-valley lower and beyond.

South and still south and on between parallels scarcely plotted upon our charts, we drifted with the smooth, seductive sweep of those summer seas. Five thousand fathoms then, we found—the deepest recorded; yet we spliced our longest sounding lines and let them down again. So, just before the last drum was drained of its wire, the weight touched; and as we measured, we knew that at last

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL CRAWFORD

By Edwin Balmer

we floated above the very valley of the world—a valley below the sea into which the land's greatest mountain ranges could be dropped and leave the sea still an ocean above the highest peaks.

We sounded again, of course; but now the bottom could only shelve shallower. Our work was done.

The naturalists and the men of the deep-sea fish-commissions who had come with us, still lifted in their nets and buckets the blue fish-smelling lumps of life, burst and blown out from their own inner pressures before they could be drawn within a thousand yards of our sea's shining surface. But for the naturalists, too, their work was done; and they joined us in equal jubilation upon the deck where we all sat together lazily at last, and watched the crew furl the sails which had served to keep us upon our slow courses for the last long weeks. And below now, in the silence, we could hear the tumbling in the bunkers and the rattle of the coal-hoists as the stokers shoveled and steam began again to fill our boilers to hurry our triumphant return to the civilization and the societies of science which had sent us out.

"But what human good has a thing of yours done?"

Bassett, our skipper, tried to bring us back to our senses disgustfully. It was his first voyage with a deep-sea survey and fish party; and never, he iterated to us in pathetic pity, had he brought back to port less than we were giving him with which to return.

"Every skipper's known since Columbus" — Bassett was a little vague as to precisely what seas the Great Skipper had explored—"that there was a safe six fathoms in all these parts," he swept his hands inclusively about. "That's enough to satisfy any shipmaster, aint it? Say,

any ship that'd need your soundings," he struck our proud survey charts hopelessly, "to steer by would look foolish putting into port, wouldn't it? You'd all far better—

"And you," he turned to our brothers of the deep-sea fish commissions as he fancied he had finished us, "with all your bottlin' and picklin', have you a fish in any of your bottles which—why your-selves would eat? Have ye—"

We laughed and pulled him to us and took turns explaining to him the unmatchable values and beauties of our work—the search of science for science's sake, the unselfishness of such knowledge, the awakening of the imagination and the mind, the better understanding of our world, and the incentive it carried to—

"To what?" he checked us then flatly. "To more such foolishness!" he answered, unconsoled, as he stared suddenly out to his surface of our sea. "No, gentlemen, I'd never have said it, but you asked me my opinion; and I say, it's no human good—this fooling far under the sea. There is still enough on the surface for—"

But he had checked himself now suddenly and we saw that he was squinting his eyes, as he focused them, toward something which showed upon the surface far out under the glare of the sun.

"Mate!" He made a quick trumpet of his hands and hailed the bridge. "Mate! What's that afloat of us abeam south by a bit west? My glass and make it out, can you?"

"A log, sir, I make it! Two logs with a patch of yellow sail above them, sir!" The hail came back as the skipper screwed his own glass to his eye. "And I make out a man, I think, sir, a man with—"

"I make him myself now!" the skipper acknowledged as he stared. And, "That's very well!" he approved as, under the mate's orders, the ship began to swerve. The bells were clanging in our engineroom and we could feel the screws push a little more insistently as the object abeam swung, apparently, as we swerved and crept to the bow till it stopped dead ahead.

"It's a man"—the skipper handed his glasses to us—"with a coat and pants and a shirt, too, I think, on a log catamaran with a sail."

"In this part of the sea?" we demanded, incredulously.

"You wont make him out well now," Bassett answered. "He's stopped jumping and showing himself now. He knows, of course, we've seen him."

He watched us and the object at which we stood staring; then smiled, with a sudden impulse, at our Chief who was arguing with him the moment before.

"You were trying to tell me a minute back, sir," he said, "how arousin' and incentin' all what you've been finding under the sea is. This, sir," he nodded ahead to the approaching logs, "is the first thing we've found on top or looked for since we sailed. What will any of you lay me, there wont be more to rouse a man and send him on, from that man on those logs on the top, than from all you've found on the bottom? And what'll you lay me you wont, all of you, want to tell what that man, living on the top with his logs, found, before you'll tell what you've been pulling up with all your drums and buckets and wires and machines?"

"We'll lay you," we all boasted in turn; and laughed and "laid" with our Chief, as he put down the glass, the stake we named. For the Chief did not bet.

We were drawing rapidly upon the logs with the yellow grass sail, and presently drew up, with reversing engines, beside it.

The logs, as I have said, formed a rude catamaran. The larger of the two logs had been hollowed, clearly by some slow fire till char was formed and scraped away when the wood was burnt again and again scraped, and so on till it made the rude body of a boat. The outside of the log had been shaped, too, into some semblance of a boat by the same painful slow-burning and char-scraping process. We noticed then, too, at once, that the smaller log, which was bound as an outrigger support to the other, had not been chopped or hewn at all, even by the rudest instrument. It was not hollowed

by fire like the other, but it had clearly been burned down by a similar slow and controlled fire and also separated from its upper branches in the same way. It was bound to the strut-sticks as the strut-sticks were also bound to the main log, by thick-twisted grass and vine ropes wound about again and again. The square of yellow sail was also woven from dried and plaited grass. There seemed to be dried bits of roots or bark or some sort of food in the bottom.

If Adam, driven from the garden of Eden, had had to take boat, we agreed that Eve could have complained, properly, of such a conveyance. So we stared at the single man it bore with still more wondering surprise and curiosity as he bumped alongside, now, and caught our

rope and we drew him up.

He had, indeed, coat and pants and shirt, as the skipper had seen far off; but more than that, we saw that though his clothes were surely more worn than ours and had been water-soaked much longer and more often, yet their cut and pattern still showed very like our own; and ours, mostly, had been made upon Broadway and Fifth Avenue within six months. His thick, fair hair was long but not uncut; and he had accomplished something close enough to a shave so that we could see, fairly, the straight lines of his features. He was a boy, little over twenty; but near six feet and well built. He was neither starved nor thirsty.

Thus, and from such a ship at least fifteen hundred miles from any land we knew, he came overside and faced us thankfully, gratefully—but coolly and with something, not entirely his own, controlling him. He had, of course, almost an hour to compose himself after he had seen that he must be saved; and that hour, clearly, he had given to some strange, controlling consideration.

"What ship is this?" he demanded of us directly then, after the first few words were said. "And what has brought it down here? And who are you and where

bound now?"

So we explained ourselves to him first, as if his appearance there were the natural thing. Then:

"If that is all, gentlemen," he met us

respectfully after he had heard, "and you must not go on at once, will you take me back—oh, will you not take me back, for just an hour or two at least, to where—where I have come from? It can't be a hundred miles down there," he pointed to the South from which he had appeared, "for now that I am safe—I must—oh take me back—take me back!" he cried.

"But - why - what? What?" we

began.

"I was a passenger on the *Briseis*, gentlemen," he had controlled himself again and replied to us as simply as he had asked our explanation; "the *Briseis*—from the Isthmus to Wellington."

Glances passed between us and we nodded. "She was overdue a month when

we sailed. So you-"

"Yes," he said, "she lost her rudder and screw in the same storm and drove from her course two weeks, sinking; and then she went down. As far as I know, I am the only one saved. I was washed off with some wreckage which floated and kept together. That is all I can tell you of the Briseis. And if I could tell any more, I guess it would be only what you have heard or read-a thousand times. I was four days in the water after I was washed off as she sank; and then -but I see I shall have to tell you, gentlemen, before you can know or understand why I have to go back-why you must take me back-to tell him andthank him!"

But then, as he faced us smiling, he collapsed suddenly and fell sobbing, at our feet.

"For I must go back! Oh, take me back, men! Oh take me back for an hour, at least! For I must—I must thank him!"

II

The sun had set, and the short sea twilight was fast dimming dark before he could tell us. He had rested and been given good food; and as we drew about him on the forward deck in the first cool of the evening, he faced us quietly and calmly again. But as if we could know, somehow, that his was not a tale which



one could tell, stared at, and waited upon, we lay back carelessly in little groups as if interested in one another more than in him and the words he uttered.

Some of us looked out upon the darkening sea, and some lay prostrate upon the deck to watch for the first stars; and some of us studied the ruby and emerald glows of our lights on either side of the bridge; and the rest seemed to listen, in silence, for the lap and bubble of the water against our smooth sides. For again our engines were stilled and the ship held back to mere steerage way, at the command of our Chief, till we could learn why this boy, whom we had picked up from the surface of the seas, wished to return and who it was that he must revisit to tell of his rescue and to thank "him."

"For two weeks," he started at last like a confessor, "as I said to you this noon, we were driven on a sinking ship; and then as the decks got low to the waves, I was washed off; but I caught some boards and other wooden things which held together, and I clung to those things four days and five nights.

"I take no credit," he lowered his head a little. "I take no credit for that," he repeated slowly. "There were those, of

course-many, as in every shipwreckwho let themselves sink without a sign of a struggle to end it all at once when the ship goes down. We all knew where we were-two thousand miles from any coast and, besides that, blown far out of the path of any possible vessel. Many, many, I know, must have had the same sort of a chance to catch at wreckage that I had; but they would not take it. But please understand," he raised his head in frank appeal to us, "that I do not try to give myself credit for holding on those four days. I make no excuse for what I must tell you. For I know that many, many more than those who gave up at once to save themselves the struggle-yes, many more than those, held on, or would have tried to hold on, at least as long as I did. I give it as no excuse for me that I held on those first four days," he repeated again, "and five nights," he added after a little pause, as if to be entirely fair to himself.

"On the morning of the fifth day, then," he had bent his head again, "I could just see sometimes, as I washed to the top of the waves—land; and a good deal of land; land on two sides of me, in big blurs above the waves. It was a

group of islands, surely.

"I need not tell you how I fought for that land and struggled with the waves to get to those islands—to make sure that I wouldn't be washed by them. And I need not tell you how I hoped; no, after holding on to those boards for four days, I was sure-sure that, of course, those islands must save me. For I was suresure from my first sight of them, and I saw how large and how many they were -that they must hold some sort of people and support some sort of life and that I would surely be safe there and have some chance to get away. At the very worst, I told myself as I fought toward them, I must find-savages.

"I was blinded by the water, of course, when I first saw them and while I was fighting to get to them; but then I came suddenly to one of them; and I caught the rocks and climbed up all weak and shaking and—glad. There was no sign of anyone in that bare, rocky part; so, before I went to look for them, I threw

myself down right there on the dry, bare rock and hugged myself with joy. Then I fell asleep, from exhaustion, I suppose it was.

"The next morning I woke-sore, stiff and terribly hungry and thirsty. I was scarcely able to move. I got up and looked about sanely then; and as my dreams and the plans of them came back to me, yes-I cried. For that land for which I had clung and held on to those slippery boards in the waves till my arms were pulled from their sockets and my fingers torn and my whole body wrenched and sprained-that land was just cliffs of rock and great, sloping granite reefs leaning up from the sea; and neither farther up nor farther back from the water in any direction upon those rocks where I had climbed and thrown myself down, was a single scrap of green or growing thing or any life or living thing at all, but a gull or two which flew at and then away from me.

"I looked across at the other groups of rocks which, from the waves the day before, had seemed such great islands; and I saw that they were all the same—all blue and gray and black and bald and bare, like the one where I stood. Some seemed to have a few more gulls; that

was all.

"I had saved myself through all those long, awful days ther.—I had spared myself the easy—oh so easy and obvious ending at the first, to fight four days and five nights with the sea and win from it—the boon to sit and starve upon those rocks!

"But the sea had gone down a good deal; and as I found some water, from the rain of the storm, caught in hollows, I promised myself to make still another fight before giving up. So I got a few of my boards which had been washed up with me, and struck out for the next group of rocks nearest ane. But when I landed, I saw that it was all as I had seen it from the other—all bare and barren. Nothing. But still I struck over to the next; and the next; and then mext; and then—

"Men, as I crossed that fifth one and came opposite the next to the very last, I saw a patch of green! Yes; and good, growing grass and bushes and, beside that, surely even a few trees! So I sank down and cried again—but this time from the different cause—for I saw a hut, a cabin, yes; a human house surely!—under the trees and beyond the bushes. For somehow and sometime not only soil and grass and growing things and trees had come there to save me; but men, too—men had come there, too, before me to wait for me and surely—surely to save me!

"So I shouted as loud as I could to them and threw myself into the water again to give myself up to them. And I caught the steep rocks at the shore and climbed up, as strong as I ever was; and then—gentlemen, perhaps I can make it a fair excuse that I was very weak and done—I broke down entirely that time. For the soil which had come to those rocks to support me, was all thin sand; and there was nothing but a few rank grasses and root-things and a few bitter bushes; and a dozen trees, caught and grown large somehow in the crevices of the rocks over the sea. And half of these had been burned down. And the men—



the men who had come there to save me and to whom I had shouted so as I jumped into the sea again to swim to them; they—he was only an old gray and worn and beaten white man, single and shipwrecked there like myself. And he was dead. He had died, perhaps a week before.

"And he had held on there helplessly, without getting away; he had held on—I can not call it lived—eighteen years, half starving and alone."

The boy raised his head a little and looked from one to another of us as we leaned nearer in the deeper silence.

"I knew," he explained, "because he had upon him a pocket note-book—one of those common note-books with a current calendar on the front leaf—and the calendar was eighteen years old; and the entries he had made, at first till he filled it, were eighteen years old.

"And as yet my stomach turned and almost refused-empty and starved as it was-to take his bitter roots and berries and bits of bark and dried fish for, you see. I knew what his life-his holding on those eighteen years, 'nust have meant. He had been no Robinson Crusoe, with a supply of guns and tools and a good island to feed him and a Friday for company and to serve him; nor had he any Swiss Family Robinson store-ship and bag to draw upon when his own fingers failed. He had come there, like myself, with just what a civilized man has in his pockets when a sea suddenly sweeps him from a ship-a pocket-knife and a pencil, a few coins and scraps of paper. And he had found there-what I have saida few roots and bitter berries and bark and sometimes a fish; and for company, besides the gulls, maybe a dozen south sea parrots, blown like himself from some thousand-mile-away place, afraid to go back and breeding there. And as I saw all this at once and my stomach sickened, as I say, at that first taste of his food, I went back and looked into his face and saw-no, men," the boy raised his head again to us in his confession, "I can not tell you what I saw there. But, perhaps, I can tell you this way; for after I had seen, I-I-buried him quickly, men, for I could not do before

that man's face, though he was dead, what I had determined to do then after I had seen my sure future there in those things upon that island. For after seeing him, I was ashamed to let him see me do that which, after an hour there, I had to do; and which he would not do—in eighteen years. For I need not tell you, when I tell you I had to cover him first, that he had died—still holding on."

I do not know exactly what we all had expected; for we were catching our breaths a little quicker and leaning a little closer together. The night was now long established; and one of the sailors had left, almost unnoted, a lantern burning between us on the deck. The boy, as he had bowed his head a little again, brought Bassett, who was sitting beyond him, from the shadow into the light. The seaman, too, had caught his breath as quickly as we scientists. He even moved as if he would touch the other; but drew back.

Our man from the galley appeared the fourth or fifth time to warn us that our supper was long served; but instead of going away now, he sat himself in the circle outside us where many of the crew

already had collected quietly.

"So I covered him," the boy went on, "more that I should not have to see him, when I did it, than to bury him for his sake. And then I took up his knife. But -I could not do it there. So I went away and hid from him; but again, like a coward, I could not-with his knife. And I had none of my own; so I had to search for another way. And at once I saw it before me-ready, sure. For the island rose at one end to a couple of hundred feet and then the rock fell sheer—a deep, straight drop with no possible doubt of death at the bottom; and death, too, as sudden and easy as it would be sure. But before I could do it, I saw marks-marks which he must have made, standing there at times when the rain-water might be gone or his fish and berries failing so that he starved a little more than usual. I saw those marks: and swore at myself and went back.

"I sat on the ground before his hut, then, and tried to think of some other proper way—some way, perhaps, that he might not have had always before him and always refused. So as I sat there, gentlemen," the boy raised his head again, "trying to decide the way, one of the parrots, which had been his only company-one of them came to me, not at all afraid, and stood looking at me: and then suddenly, 'I will never give up!' it said straight to me. 'I will never give up!' it said, surely. And it stared straight at the knife which I had dropped, and 'I will never do it!' it shot at me again. And, 'I shall never throw me down!' It startled me, gentlemen; yes, just that, 'I shall never throw me down!

"And, 'What?' I caught at the bird and held it. 'What?' I choked it. 'What did he say? What' and, 'Nor any other way!' the bird screeched at me then. 'I will never give up!' it cried at me, as it struggled free. 'I will never give up!' it flung back at me from the bush. 'I will never give up!' And that day, at least, I knew I could not."

He stopped again; but this time he did not look at us; and none of us consciously looked at him or at one another.

"That man," the boy continued, "had held no illusions of his chance to get away. From his notes, which he wrote for his own record when he first found that land, he had put the probable position of those rocks. Do not misunderstand me," he explained quickly. "Those notes and nothing else about him or his things showed in any way that he ever thought anyone might find him or them. They were just records he made for his own recollection. For instance, they never gave the slightest hint who he was or what ship he had come from. He would not have to record things like that for himself. But he had put down his impressions, on first landing, where he thought the rocks must be in relation to his last known position. He had even made a map from memory, when it was freshest, in which he placed the rocks as well as he could. And this showed, too, that he held no illusions of a rescue. And I had covered his face because I knew it was not cowardice or any other lack which had kept him there. No; he had held on because he would never give up!

Because he would not do 'it!' Because he would not throw himself 'down!' He would never give up! That was it—and all!

"Of course I wondered many, many times," the boy went on, "in those long, long weeks afterwards, when day after day-day after day, I did not do 'it,' why I did not. Or rather, I wondered exactly what in that man was keeping me from it. For what-what could I see that he had gained, or won or accomplished by holding on, as he had, and never giving up till his bitter, bitter, 'natural' end? Why, indeed, did I not end it for myself sooner, rather than hold on longer, when I saw there before me how by such a course he had gained and gotten-nothing. I had not yet spent a day for each of his years upon that rock; and, as I just began to find the terror and awfulness of being there, I knew-without having the witness of those denials which he had made to himself again and again so that even the parrots cried them-I knew that a thousand, thousand times he must have wished, in a way I could not vet know, to end it. But he had not. He had held on to the end. And why? For what purpose? And for what good?

"I, gentlemen, I had honestly to tell myself, as I tried to puzzle it out, that I did not know—that I could see no good whatsoever, or gain in it. I had to tell myself that the real reason I still held on was a fear, sometimes, that as I had come and found him, another might-just might come and find-us both. And I could not bear the comparison. But not a thing gave me a chance to think that he had ever thought of that-of any one coming. No; it was not for anyone else. For he had remained, to the end, too sane to think of such a possibility. It was clearly for his own honor and for himself that he had held on and would not give up! His own honor and his trust and accountability, I suppose, to life; so that he would never end it, while he still could hold on. But what, I asked myself a thousand times again, had he shown that here his long, awful fight had won? What had he held here which could honorably prevent me from ending it now?

"And a thousand times I told myself,



"Oh, take me back to him now that I am safe!"

as honestly as I could, gentlemen, that there was nothing—at least nothing that held there. Somewhere else and with other conditions, it would be different. But here, surely, I told myself, no honor or accountability to others or responsibility to any duty could hold—me, at least. Only a silly sentiment to match that man who had held on kept holding me when I could see before me the nothing he had gained. So I grew angry at the parrots who kept fluttering down to me and flinging at me his fool determinations which could not save him and had spared him —nothing.

"I searched the island finally again for any chance of saving myself. There

were the dozen larger, besides the smaller, trees; five of each he had burned down and evidently used up in his fires afterwards, as I could find no trace of their timber. I could not make a raft from the rest: but it was as good a raft as I might make, that I had left to climb these rocks for refuge, two thousand miles, at least from any shore, I knew. No; there was nothing else and no other way. So that night I determined again, as I was not a coward, to end it now for all. But as I drove the parrots away from me that night so that I could do it, I caught again at something I had heard them mumble before but had never been quite able to make out.

"'I shall swim it again!" it sounded like; and I called the parrots back and repeated it to them to find out. And yes, 'I shall swim it again;' they could say it fairly after me. But when they repeated it of themselves, 'I shall begin it again—I shall begin it again! When I repeated that to them, they could say that, too, as well. It puzzled me enough, anyway, to keep me that night; and the next morning, as they shrieked it at me once more, I tried out the thing that I had thought under the stars.

"I told you that, before finding his island, I had climbed over five others—all bare and barren. His was the sixth; but there was another—a seventh—be-

vond. What he meant to 'begin' again, I could not test; but if he had been nerving himself to swim something again, and that was what he had said, he could have been swimming only to this seventh island. I climbed down the rocks to the water on that side, therefore, and sure enough I found his marks on the way down; and stuck in the rocks above the water, was a block of wood, like one which a weak swimmer would take to support him as he swam. I took it and shoved off and came to the other rocks. They were more barren and bald and bare than any of the others. I saw all this as with weakening strokes I swam to them; but then, as I rounded them, I saw that, though black and bare, they made a bay-a harbor and a safe beach for—for—for beginning again—the boat he had made and—was not able to swim to again-but which-saved-me.

"But, thank God, gentlemen, he had not failed just as it was finished! No, a little before! So I did not have merely to

take it from him. No; he had failed just before he had bound it together; so I could do that, at least. And I took it back and filled it with the rest of his roots and bark and berries and the fish he had saved and dried; and in the place he had hollowed, put the rain-water he had stored. And I was glad to go back! for as I looked about at his things then and saw those other five great stumps where he had burned and hollowed out his other boats, I knew."

He turned to

us all suddenly and broke out in his shaking appeal. "So, men, oh take me back to him now that I am safe! Oh take me back there to him, men, just for an hour, now that I am safe, to tell him so and-thank him! For he had not only held on and waited; but he had built from those first four great trees, four other boats; but lost them all against his rocks before they could be finished; and always, always he would begin again and again till he found that harbor, across, where he could begin still again, at last, the boat to save-me! But, oh, he must have known, before he could even have begun that last, that before it could be finished he would not be alive to 'swim that water again.' But still he began it and kept on till it was all but finished in time to save—me. For he would never give up; he would never throw himself down or do 'it;' and he would never give up beginning his boat again never give up believing that he should 'swim it again' till he had saved me.



"And so, oh, men, don't you see I must go back and tell him and—and thank him as well as I can? Oh, I know he never knew that I would come; and that he could never have thought or done a thing for me. But he did it for himself and so—saved me! He held on to the end and never gave himself up, so he saved me—me whom he could not know would ever come! So—so will you not take me back?"

His head fell suddenly forward again; and for more than a moment there was silence. Then I saw, as I looked toward the boy, in the shadow beyond, the face of Bassett, our skipper. As if he had felt that the appeal of the boy to us all was his to answer, he leaned over and touched

him.

"I haven't the say, boy." We knew then that he was speaking to us rather than to the lad whom he touched as he spoke. "I haven't the say of this ship," he repeated, "where it's to go. I can only take it where these gentlemen say; but—but if I had, I'd take you back to let y' tell him, boy—yes, to let y' tell him now and thank him—as well as y' can."

"No, Bassett," — our Chief had cleared his throat and raised his head quickly to meet the skipper's challenge. "No, Bassett," he said, "you wouldn't take him back to that island—to that little lonely island of his Hope, lost back

there, to tell him there or thank him—there. You wouldn't yourself. You will take him instead straight back to where we are all bound, together, and where—where that man, whose shell only lies back there, covered, on his island of Hope, lives in a nation's body and waits for this boy whom he saved to come to him and tell him there and thank him."

And again we all waited till the skipper moved and, raising the boy in his arms, supported him and took him below. And still we all sat silent till, in the engine room, we heard again the beat of the engines and the push of the propellers, as they churned to hasten our return to the civilization whither we were bearing the

boy and his story.

And finally, of course, one by one we began to recollect ourselves again, and to think triumphantly of our new sounding charts and specimens. But the Chief still stood looking out over the surface of the seas that he had sounded; and as he stood there, his hand in his coat-pocket played absently with the coins he held awaiting the outcome of our wager. And as he touched them, then, he, too, seemed to recollect himself, and drawing forth his hand, gazed at the coins, recognizingly.

"I must pay these to Bassett to-morrow," he said, quietly.

An Assisted Destiny

BY CATHERINE CARR

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

THERE'S no use in talking," Mrs.
Page announced with a decisive little clicking of her cup against its saucer,
"Hamilton Craig should marry."

The lady's injunction against "talk" was altogether feminine surplusage, for no one had offered remarks upon the subject save herself, and her husband immediately agreed as to the desirability

of the marital state for his business partner. No husband, of course, could do otherwise.

"Uh-huh; to be sure he should," he said, juggling his coffee-cup, his toast, and the morning paper with the skill of long commuter habit.

"He's making a good income and he is so nice," his wife ran on. "Always reme and cle to Wil ried

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it's



She assisted him to don his outer garments

membering the little things that count—and he's exceptionally good looking and clever. It's a perfect shame for all that to be wasted on a bachelor existence. Why in the world *doesn't* he get married?"

Maury Page's responding gesture was colloquially eloquent. It extended, obviously, the liberty of research into his knowledge's utmost recess, but his wife received it with an impatient head-shake.

"Ask him," she urged. "Not as a joke, but downright seriously. He ought to be made to see that it is a serious matter."

"Perhaps it's because he realizes just how serious a matter it is that he steers clear of it," Page incautiously advanced from the corner of his brain not devoted to the newspaper's account of The Consolidated Cotton investigation. "Besides—and as he'd be likely to remind me—it's none of my business."

"Nonsense! You're partners — and partners should tell each other everything."

"They wouldn't be partners long if they did! 'The Eternal Feminine—'" the gentleman mused. "It can't let even its neighbor's apple redden in the essential solitude."

"Well, I'm sure I don't see why he should care," Mrs. Page argued, sensibly refusing deflection of her conversational thread; the apple topic being too abominably authenticated to be an acceptable one, anyhow. "He should appreciate our interest in him; at least you ought to be interested—even more than I am."

"I suppose so, but," fixing a suddenly comprehending eye upon the pretty priestess of his coffee-urn, "you see, I don't know which particular young woman is at the other end of this line of interest."

Mrs. Page flushed, consciously and becomingly, yet she stanchly held her

ground.

"Well—er—why, of course—" she set forth, the consciousness of all the virtues simply lapping over both sides. "Of course, I want him to get a girl who's worthy of him. He really is mighty nice and I'm willing to give him the benefit of my judgment. A man never understands a woman."

"That," her husband ruminated in ambiguous assent, "is no dream."

"And if I knew why he hasn't married I'd know how to get him to, you see," she explained in a rush, biting her lip in immediate recognition of the overrevelation of her tongue's slip.

"I see-indeed," Page nodded. "Quite

Machiavelian tactics."

"And you will ask him?" she pressed.
"U—hm—"

Page was beginning to falter when the clock sounded the half-hour after eight and roused him to action of electrical swiftness. He gulped the remainder of his coffee, dumped his napkin in the jam and dived for the door, dropping an abstracted kiss on his wife's left eyebrow in his hurried passing. "I'll never make the 8:45," he muttered.

This being quite the regular morning routine, the mistress of the household declined infection of excitement or relinquishment of subject, though she dutifully followed her lord into the hall and assisted him to don his outer garments.

"Wont you ask him?" she persisted

from the front step.

"Oh—I—well—I'll see—" he called back, as he plunged down the walk, variously jabbing into place his hat, the overcoat buttons and a handful of papers as he went.

Maury Page hadn't the slightest intention of gratifying his wife's curiosity by prying into his partner's confidence. Being a man and a lawyer he had full sense of the value of reticences, but the stars fought in their courses for the lady that day.

Midway of the afternoon, when the partners were enjoying the relaxation of a disengaged hour and a cigar in Craig's office, a doleful telephonic wail came to Page from his wife.

Lydia, the waitress, had left-without a moment's notice-Mrs. Leighton, "the hateful cat"-had coaxed her away by an advance of wages-and Maury must go to that household First Aid—(or Last Resort)—the office of Domestic something or other, whose exact nomenclature and telephone number had slipped her memory, and get another maid. They paid more attention to a man, Mrs. Page flatteringly insinuated. Besides, she was dressed for the Castle's bridge-and the prize was just "too dear for anything" she simply must not get nervous and lose her chance of winning it-and talking to those people always made her nervous -so would Maury-please? Like the dear he was.

Maury listened with the expression of gritting teeth writ plain upon his usually pleasant visage, but his sole response was

a soothing "Yes-yes-"

Being, as has been said, a lawyer and a husband, he recognized the utter futility of argument or protest when a woman has lost a maid, and he was professionally adverse to the waste of either. Also he promptly called up the domestic potentates, to address them in honeved accents and to assent to every exaction of the haughty voiced female who was represented as a very paragon of maids. Thursday afternoons, Sunday one-o'clock dinners, strict enforcement of the cook's duties; Page made wholesale pledge, trusting to his wife's diplomatic powers for any desired readjustment, then he sank back into his chair with a deep breath of exhaustion, to seek the resuscitatory effects of his cigar and fervently to unbosom himself to his partner.

"You see," he said in the manner of comprehensive and complete summing up, "what it is to be married."

"No—I don't believe I do—quite. Not

as I—I wish I did."

These brief and oddly hesitating sentences coming out of the smoke-haze that

tences coming out of the smoke-haze that enveloped Hamilton Craig produced a startling effect upon Page. He heedlessly let the match-flame expire and frankly stared a frank and large astonishment.

"Eh-what? 'Wish you did,'" he re-

peated, and then the question he had so loftily repudiated that morning, involuntarily had its way.

"Why in the dickens don't you then?" Craig looked unaccountably conscious—almost embarrassed. Still the answer he made was usual enough.

"Simplest reason in the world:

Haven't found the right girl."

"Well you are 'choicy' for sure, as mammy used to say," Page declared. "No 'right girl' among all those lovely creatures from Virginia and Kentucky that Theodosia has brought on to bait the trap for you? You must be looking for a

goddess, sure enough."

"No—no—nothing of the sort. And Mrs. Page's friends were all that is lovely and charming," Craig hastened to assure the "lovely creatures'" host, "but, you see, I only met them conventionally—dinners, and dances, and all that sort of thing, and it seems to me you never really get to know a girl that way—no more than the pretty surface of her. Besides," he added, again bertaying that singular embarrassment, "I've always felt that—that when I did find—her—it wouldn't be in a conventional way, and that there would be something that'd tell me from the first that she was—the one."

"Oh, great heavens! You."

Page gasped. He had been listening to this revelation of sentiment from his practically surfaced partner with the growing look of one who questions his waking state.

"Bless us, man, you've been reading what's-his-name? the chap who writes those 'all-of-a-sudden-love' stories."

"No—no I haven't," Craig protested.
"I thought of it all long before I even heard of him. He hasn't a monopoly on sentiment."

"Well he seems to have all the fiftyseven varieties of that instantaneous brand cinched, all right, and it's a mighty safe bet that you couldn't propose to a girl the first time you met her without plagiarizing from him whether you knew it or not. But it strikes me as rather a risky way of picking a wife. No teamwork between Cupid and the chaperone, and no affinity-ship with a dinner—or a dance-partner. Wonder what Theodosia would say to that," Page reflected. "We'd been going through such social stunts together for all of two years before the blind god put the kibosh over me. I suppose now, according to your theory, that she isn't my 'affinity' at all—and I'm on the wrong track when I think she's for

me, even if I have got her."

"Of course not," Craig protested. "I don't say it is the same with everyone. You were raised to the social game and, naturally, you expected to find-her-in the usual course. I wasn't, you know. I hadn't a young woman relative and was never on a familiar footing with a girl when I was a kid. I lived with that old uncle and his wife, and besides, I was poor. The girls I could have known didn't appeal to me, so I—I dreamed an ideal, as a lonely boy will. There was always some romantic circumstance connected with our meeting, in my dreams of her, and, somehow, I've never been able to get away from the notion, that we shall meet in some unconventional way-and that I shall know her from the first."

"Well—well—of all things," was the sole extent of Page's comment, but the head-shake with which it was accompanied was eloquent of divers things.

"Sounds absurd, doesn't it?" Craig acknowledged, quite without offense, to what his partner was leaving unsaid. "I don't blame you if you think I'm a little off my head, though I don't think you need take steps to dissolve partnership, just yet. I don't believe I let what the writer chaps call the 'psychic self' interfere with business."

"No, I should say you don't," Page assented promptly. "And that's the queerest part of it. To think of all the years I've known your professional—Jekyl—without once getting a glimpse of your

sentimental-Hyde."

"Mr. Hazard, to see Mr. Craig," the office-boy announced in interruption, and Page withdrew, after a marveling recognition of his partner's instantaneous resumption of his usual alert and imperturbable poise.

"No danger of that 'psychic' deal interfering with business all right," he decided, "but who would ever have thought it of him? You never can tell, sure enough."

In the domestic tumult occasioned by the change of maids and an evening engagement, Page neglected to relate upon his return home that night to the companion of this mixed portion of his own, the singular reason for Hamilton Craig's avoidance of the mingled joys and sorrows of matrimony. But the next morning it recurred to him, and he skillfully used its narration to deflect the injured discourse upon the loss of the maidjewel, Lydia, and the "cattishness" of her enticer, with which Mrs. Page was accompanying breakfast.

The result was a tribute to the gentleman's acumen. His ladywife had a lively interest in the affairs of others, which, she would have beat you down to the last word, partook in nowise of meddlesomeness, but was, from her viewpoint, a sublimated sort of generosity that was loath to let people sink in the quagmire of their ignorance when she knew exactly how they could be pulled out. Owing to such a characteristic, lost maid and perfidious friend were straightway forgotten, and Theodosia Page listened with rapt breath and widening eyes of sympathy.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed at her husband's conclusion.

"Eh?"

"Yes—lovely," she averred. "To think of a capable lawyer like him cherishing an ideal all these years. Why, it's simply 'perfect."

"All right—maybe so," Page allowed, dubiously. "But I can't see that he's got much out of it, myself. And a lot of you women would be dwelling in single blessedness if all men clung to such ideal search, I can tell you."

"Maury Page!" the lady exclaimed, arraignment in her accent, blue lightning in her eyes. "Do you dare to sit there and suggest that I—that if you'd searched and searched—"

"Heavens, no?" Page hastily corrected. "I meant the average case. Of course we were exceptions; I couldn't have found another—er—another affinity, if I'd searched the world over."

"There is only one," Mrs. Page indicated rigidly.

"That's what I meant; I'd never have found any if I hadn't met you. Certainly not; and I only hope old Craig'll be as lucky. Prove how wrong his love-at-firstsight notion is."

"Maury, the idea! Didn't you always love me?"

"Yes, yes, of course," the involved lawyer declared. "Sub—subconsciously, but we *did* meet at a dance, and we were properly introduced, so you see—there," welcoming the release allowed by the warning half-hour stroke, "I'll have to hustle. Good-by, honey."

And Mr. Page wisely took time from the usual overcoat and hat grabbing interval for an affinity-assuring kiss.

Her mind thus set at rest upon the personal application of the "ideal" equation, Mrs. Page's thoughts were free to revert to Hamilton Craig and—one other, as she poured her final cup of coffee and cast her eyes in cursory review over the morning paper.

"She would suit him perfectly, I know. She's just the brunette type I've heard him admire, and then, in other ways. But how to make him realize her? This cherishing an ideal is lovely, of course, and a romantic meeting and all that; still, Fate is mighty uncertain and allows a lot of wire-crossing, judging from the misconnections that happen. But I do wish it could be managed, somehow. He's a perfect dear, and he really ought to be married," she mused, as she gathered a surface impression of a dramatic criticism, the Turkish situation, and an important sale of linens. Then, suddenly, her eye fell upon a paragraph, "next to reading matter" that thrust an inspiring flash through her absorption.

"The very thing," she cried, and she carefully cut out the printed lines with her fork while her quick brain rounded the inspiration with skillful detail.

Thereafter the lady gave perfunctory attention to the cook, and even to her nursery duties—the inspiration was the sort to be all-absorbing—and dressed to catch the 11:08 train. It was one, also, which demanded one's attention in person; it never being certain that tele-



"A damsel in distress—I see her—she is young and beautiful"

phonic communication may not be overheard.

Mr. and Mrs. Maury Page entertained at dinner and bridge the following week, the function being rather by way of house-warming of the new home just purchased in a fashionable suburb. Both menu and prizes had the approval of the neighborhood social censors, but it was agreed that Mrs. Page made her strongest claim to distinction by the introduction of Madame Zarah, seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, crystal-gazer extraordinary to innumerable crowned heads, and the invitation to such of her guests as willed to learn from the mystic what their future held in store.

There was a rush of the younger set for such information; more than one coming out from behind the curtain that screened the sacred rights of crystal-gazing from curious and alien stars, with traces of perplexed wonder combating their scoffing, but Hamilton Craig held aloof, feeling, perhaps, such quest to be inconsistent with the dignity of a senior partner and his thirty-seven years, until his hostess drew him, with pretty insistence, to the veiled shrine.

"There is a future for every bachelor," was the unanswerable argument she employed, along with the persuasive touch of her white fingers on his arm, and

Craig laughingly complied.

Had there been anyone in the dimly lighted alcove to see it, a sudden alertness in the mystic ebon eyes might have been detected when Mrs. Page drew aside the curtain and presented her husband's partner with a little flourish.

"Here is Mr. Craig, madame, to learn if he's to 'live happily ever after.' Be sure you 'see' well for him; he really has a lot coming to him," she said gayly, but, other than the swift eyeflash, the keenest observer could have perceived no evidence of unusual interest in the seeress' manner.

"I shall read what is revealed to me; I can do no more," she declared with a

stately inclination of her head.

"Look into the crystal and give me your hand," she directed, when Craig had taken the chair at the opposite side of the small table whereon the crystal globe rested in the grip of its filigree frame.

Fixing her own eyes intently upon the translucent surface she presently spoke in

a droning monotone.

"One—two—three days hence," she said, "at the hour of four—A damsel in distress—I see her—It is a place where many are eating—A beautiful place—roses all about—vines growing over latticed walls."

"The Garden Spot," Craig murmured. But the day before he had lunched at this new and expensive tea-room on the Avenue with his partner's wife and a guest of hers, and its unique feature of rose-trellised walls identified the place

for him immediately.

"A damsel in distress," Madame continued in her dreamy drone. "I see her—She is young and beautiful—brown-eyed—brown-haired—and dressed in brown—white violets on her breast. A damsel in distress," she repeated, with sudden brusqueness. "Three days hence—at the hour of four—go to her aid," she added, releasing his hand with a gesture that was both dismissal and command.

And, though Hamilton Craig met the banter which greeted his reappearance in the rose hued glow of the library, with the effect of a high incredulity, it had an under-vein of serious and weighing wonder that did not escape the keen inspection directed upon him from behind the misleading inconsequence of his hostess'

wide blue eyes.

It was certainly well for the business interests of the firm of Craig & Page, that the rescuing appointment made for the senior partner had such brief period of intervening time for, undeniably did the "sentimental Hyde" trench largely upon the province of Hamilton Craig's "professional Jekyll."

In spite of all argument drawn by his admirable stock of common-sense, the man mixed with legal complexities a persistent resumé of the charms of "the damsel in distress." Brown eyes—brown hair! And, always, the approval of his cleancut blondness had been given to the type of sienna tones. And, too, from boyhood, his dreams of sentiment had had to do with the chivalry of romantic rescue.

Oddly recurrent dreams they had been, haunting his sleep with visions of contest of one sort or another—giants of a child's imagery: fire, water and runaway horse—for his gain to his lady's side. But in a fashionable tea-room! What manner of rescue could be effected there? The setting mocked him while the forecast drew him with all a magnet's strength.

It was a nerve-wrecking situation, and for the first time in his life, perhaps, Craig's decision wavered. His success had been largely achieved by the habits of swift certainty of conclusion and tenacity of purpose, but both excellences of custom became water-weak under the stress of the opposing forces of romance and reason. Heretofore he had been able to keep these diverse forces in their separate brain-lobes, but now they had locked horns and were making his mind the seething center of a sharp conflict.

The inadequate sleep which was his portion during the next two nights was monopolized by vision after vision of a brown eyed, brown haired siren luring him into all sorts of predicaments that never reached culmination, and the clockticks of the intervening waking hours hammered a vacillating refrain upon his taut nerves.

"Go—Stay—It is Fate—It's a fake— Fate—A fake—"

Although Craig swayed back and forth to this measure, yet, at the hour of one, on that mystically selected day, he found himself impaled upon the reasonable decision not to go to The Garden Spot.

The appointment was altogether too absurd and, like a sensible lawyerman, he would have nothing to do with it. He would dismiss from his mind the whole crazy notion and settle down to the Harshaw case. It was a mighty intricate proposition, that case, just the thing to keep a man's thoughts from wandering after folly.

Hamilton Craig came back from his lunch, therefore, with the brisk air of "getting down to business" rather tinged with a defiance of all such trickery. Here he was, a man not to be fooled, and he did, indeed, spread out the Harshaw briefs upon his desk, and, for the space of two hours forced his brain to the most careful analysis of each separate phrase; even though each stroke of a stentorioustoned public clock struck through his veneer of professional application to a highly keyed consciousness whose entire cognizance was encompassed within two brief sentences: "A damsel in distress—Go to her aid."

At a quarter-of-four his pulses were on the verge of panic. In fifteen-well say twenty-five minutes-the margin of ten might be allowed since a woman was to be reckoned with. In twenty-five minutes, then, his chance of rescuing the "browneyed, brown-haired damsel in distress" would be lost. Though, of course, there could be no such chance. The judicial acumen and balance that had made a distinguished lawyer out of a poor boy proved that conclusively, yet, all the same, the neatly typed pages of the Harshaw brief were now blotted from his vision by the mise-en-scéne of that chance-

Rose-latticed walls, rosy lights, and rose-sweet scents framing brune beauty whose tears he turned to smiles. It all was visualized for him with surpassing distinctness, and Craig mechanically drew out his watch and held it open in his palm.

Ten minutes to four! The faint ticktick had the resonance of thunder upon his ear-drums. Nine! Eight! A hot thickness crowded his throat. Six! The entrance of the office-boy with a card had the effect of releasing a spell. Craig sprang up, refusing an audience without as much as glancing at the name.

"Tell him I'm just called out," he said, and snatching hat and overcoat from their hooks, he plunged out through the convenient door marked "Private" with so unprecedented and perturbed a haste that the boy was moved to the canny conclusion, "de boss is clean up in de air erbout somethin'."

Moreover, each succeeding movement of the distinguished lawyer during the next twenty minutes was support of the theory. He frowned impatiently upon the elevator because the car was not in waiting, and barely returned the greeting of a cordial friend who descended with him,

and darted through the hall and swinging doors with a disregard of whoever blocked his way wholly foreign to his usual courtesy. Then, since the perversity of his Fate allowed no cab in sight, he passed down the snow-glazed street at a most reckless rate of speed.

The distance to the Avenue was not great, but could he make it in time? It was now the whole value of life that he should do so, and the sounding of the hour of four when he had covered but half the distance spurred him to a sprint of even greater recklessness, and to the calling of himself the several approved sorts of adjectived fool for his aforetime waste of precious moments.

waste of precious moments.

It was five minutes after the appointed hour when Hamilton Craig laid a shaking hand against the door of The Garden Spot and stepped in with his breath coming in heavy surges. The transition from snow-glare to the softly shaded and rosily tinted interior blinded him, just at first, as he stood at pause for a few seconds blinking his anxious gaze along the rows of tables.

Then, suddenly, light, loveliness, all of life's delights, became the focus of his

eves.

There she was, young and so beautiful. All beauty of idle visioning was eclipsed by the glory of the reality. Brown of hair and of garb, creamy of skin and scarlet of lip, with the tremble of the prophesied distress giving a distractingly enchanting curve to their exquisite fluting, and a troubled shadow darkening the glorious eyebrows which were hers. Reason, of course, was instantly put out of business and the distinguished lawyer advanced the entire servitor of Romance and with joyous acceptance of her will.

The girl, it was to be seen, was the focus also of the politely contemptuous stares of the well dressed women who sat at the other tables, and of the admiring glances of the few men present. The latter, however, were all under feminine jurisdiction or, obviously, the rôle of rescuer would not have been left to Craig; but, though her distress was patent, its cause was not at first sight clear.

Her "foe," however, was easily identified, he being no less a personage than

the imposing head-waiter, who stood beside her table with a chin expressive of the most supreme hauteur and unbelief of the low-toned argument the distressed damsel was putting forth. And be it not thought that a head-waiter is an unworthy foeman for a latter-day knight's steel.

It is to be doubted, indeed, if the dragons of old were much more awesome objects, but Craig descended upon him with reckless wrath ablaze in his eyes, though its spoken word was somewhat handicapped by his spent breath.

"What—what does this mean?" he managed by way of arraignment of the maitre d'hotel, and he involuntarily put

out his hand to the girl.

He had formed no plan of action, but the claiming of acquaintance seemed the quickest way of getting rid of the waiter—and if there ever was a superfluous creature it was that same Alphonse now that he had served his turn.

"You!" Craig exclaimed. "So glat to see you. When did you come down? And

what's the trouble?"

The girl caught the cue with a headturning realization of his inadequate visions of what a smile would do to her face and let her ungloved fingers rest an instant in the clasp of his hand, thus sending ecstatic tingles to the very shoulder of the stalwart owner.

"Oh—you—I—I certainly am glad to see you, too," she murmured. "I've just discovered that my purse is lost—and I was trying to explain—but the man—"

"Oh, that is all right," the aforetime majestic creature hastened to interrupt.

"Perfectly all right."

Alphonse's suddenly flexile figure breathed chagrin from every pore. It was all a mistake which a lifetime of apology could not wipe out. He drew out the opposite chair for the gentleman with excessive meekness of gesture. The gentleman, he hoped, remembered him. He had often had the honor of serving the gentleman at The Royalton, and what, with abject presentation of the card, would be the gentleman's order?

"The gentleman," reckoning from his emotions, could have ordered the famed nectar of the gods with entire expecta-



"What-what does this mean?" he managed, and put out his hand

tion of being so served—he having to the full-the sensation of being within the realm of the immortals—quite as if he had never heard of charming adventuresses tricking weak males into paying for their luncheon in such ways. But the subconsciousness of the conventions he had scorned remained to him and he glanced at the girl in query of her choice.

She shook her head.

"No, no thank you, nothing more. I've had my chocolate. I was just going when I—I found I had nothing to pay with."

"Tea then—and muffins—and—er—

cakes," Craig chanced vaguely.

Ordinarily he regarded tea as a "tabby" sort of beverage, and he rarely ate at this usually business-absorbed hour, but it had occurred to him 'hat this rose-garlanded and scented nook might be well chosen for the taking of the approaches to affinityship; for, though he, of course, was quite settled about it and had the sequence all framed up, his remnant of common-sense denied expectation of like precipitation on her part.

"I surely am glad you came," the damsel in late distress assured him, leaning a little forward with a delicious air of confidence. "I really was in the most awful box. I'm a stranger in the city-I just got in this afternoon-and when I started to pay for my lunch I found I'd lost my hand-bag with my purse, and, what is worse, the letter containing the address of the friend whom I was to visit. She has just moved to one of those historical suburban towns-historically named, you know-and I've forgotten what it is. I had them call up her husband's office but he wasn't there and I simply didn't know what to do. They were really disagreeable, too-threatened to call the police. Imagine! It was most fortunate for me that you happened to come when you did or I might have been arrested by this time."

"I didn't 'happen,' " Craig blurted, "I was sent—by Fate," he explained to the quick question of her eyes, and only the arrival of the tea saved him from entire and premature revelation.

She made an enchanting picture performing the domestic rite of pouring for him, and Craig's imagination was quick in fitting it to a more intimate environment—the heart-harbor that he had never known—and, though his faith in the seeress' forecast was so much an obsession that he hadn't the least doubt of ultimates, the unadornedness of her left third finger was a vast satisfaction. Of course it *couldn't* be otherwise. This was the one time when Fate was going to deal the full hand.

Meanwhile, the owner of the hand, all unconscious of its inspection, reflectively stirred the Ceylon she had poured for herself at his behest, and drew her straight dark brows into a fascinating little pucker of perplexity.

"It's lovely of you to come to my relief like this," she said, "and I appreciate it more than I can say. You can't really know that I'm not swindling you

into paying for my lunch."

"Yes I can," he asserted with rockfirm decision.

"How?"

Craig struggled again with the impulse to tell her the whole story, but the wisdom of second thought again prevailed and he made evasive reply.

"I'm a lawyer; it is my business to judge the truthfulness of the 'depo-

nent.' "

"Oh, I see. That makes your faith even more flattering. Thank you so much. Still, I shall have to find my friend's husband in order to learn her address—or go to a hotel—or something—soon. It is growing late," she advanced.

"That's easily managed," Craig declared, reluctant to relinquish the ecstacy of "dreaming-true." "Just give me the name of your friend and his 'phone number and I'll get his home address from his clerk or office-boy. It isn't late enough yet for them to be gone, I don't think"

"Why, of course; how stupid of me not to think of that; men always know how to manage," she said, with a most gratifying regard for his acumen in her brown eyes. "He is Mr. Maury Page of—"

"What?"

Only the swift dash of the girl's hand across the table saved the value of a cup from being added to Craig's bill. "Yes," she repeated with obvious wonder. "Maury Page, and his 'phone number is—"

"8675 Main!"

"Oh, you know him?"

"I do; as well as any man may say he knows his partner."

"Then you-are-"

"Hamilton Craig," he supplied.

"Goodness! Just to think that it should be you!" she marveled, her eyes flashing. "Isn't it the strangest thing?"

"It is Fate," he announced a second time with even more of definiteness, and she again rendered the tribute of the rose-flush.

"So it's all right," he added, reassuringly. "Kenilworth is the Pages' historical habitat. I will call up Mrs. Page and tell her that you are here; and I'll gladly take you out in my car—or there is a 5:38 train."

"The train, please," the girl decided. So the bill was paid and Craig and the rescued damsel were bowed out of The Garden Spot—Eden, the man was naming it in his heart—by a very humble and extravagantly feed Alphonse, to enter a taxicab which whirled them with sinuous dispatch to the station.

There was not much time allowed for temperamental research, for the journey to Kenilworth is a short one, but even in the brief transit Craig learned that the name of the girl was Joan Carter and that she was from Virginia-as her accent had already delightfully suggested -and that, though she was quite pretty enough not to have any brains, she had plenty of them. Also, more than once she voiced a view that seemed the echo of a cherished one of his own, and each moment of their companionship deepened and rounded the sense of fulfillment which had claimed his mind with his first sight of "the damsel in distress."

Craig planned to torture his stalwart proportions within the confines of a dinner-coat of his less husky partner and stay to the evening meal, but he found himself rather "shooed" off by the imperious Mistress Page after the first tumult of exclamation and explanation that greeted their appearance together.

"Dear Joan" was, she was sure, quite

exhausted from her journey and that horrid upsetting experience, and must go to her room and have her dinner in the comfort of negligée. They would, however, expect Craig out to dinner the following night.

"Just ourselves," the lady added, and the senior partner's pulses quickened perilously when the smile which accompanied Miss Carter's "good-by" seemed approvingly cognizant of the pleasant possibilities of an *en famille* evening.

Miss Joan Carter, late damsel in distress; bewitchingly brown-eyed, brownhaired and garbed in brown-a degree more bewitching with her hat removed -sat in the midst of the white and yellow chintzes and Colonial furniture which was the becoming background provided by Mrs. Page's very best guestchamber. She had not, in the least, the appearance of exhaustion. Rather, indeed, her look was of suppressed and avid excitement and she fixed the expression of imminent and searching cross-question upon her hostess, who was flitting about the apartment giving superfluous touches to the entirely correct appointments and sustaining a stream of inconsequent babble which was calculated, it might well be surmised, to deflect such query. But her subterfuge was doomed to failure.

"Now, Theodosia Gallatin Page, you sit down there," the guest said firmly, indicating an opposite Sleepy-Hollow of cushions, "and tell me what in the world you meant by this—"

So saying the damsel produced, from some mysterious place among her garments, the small vanity-bag whose loss had occasioned her recent distress, and took from it a letter which she read aloud with distinct articulation and significant emphasis:

"Don't fail to arrive Thursday and be sure to wear that brown outfit you wrote me about. I know it is the most becoming thing possible."

"It is," Mrs. Page declared in tones of sheer honey-drip. "You're a perfect dream in it; it is so exactly the right shade. You—" "When you arrive, go up town and get a bunch of white violets and put it on your coat, and then go to 'The Garden Spot,' a tea-room on the Avenue. Time your lunch so that you get your bill about ten minutes to four, and then say that you have lost your purse and cannot pay. Say that you are a stranger and have lost your friends' address and keep up the argument, somehow, until a quarter after. Be greatly distressed and look tears with those ingenue eyes of yours if you can't manage to shed a few. I remember your dramatic talent, you see.

"Now, don't fail, please. I can't explain here but it is very important that you do just as I tell you—and if you don't I'll simply never forgive you."

"There! that's what you wrote me and I did it, of course," Joan announced in charged tones. "You always could wheedle anyone into doing whatever you wanted; you're a born hypnotist, I verily believe, 'Dosia Page. But why, in the name of all that's crazy, did you want me to go through, such a performance as that?"

"You should curb your curiosity, my dear," Mrs. Page platitudinized. "It is a vulgar vice that lost the world. Though truly, Joan," with sudden seriousness, "I just can't tell you—yet. And, if you love me, cross your heart that you'll not breathe a word of that letter—not to anyone—until I give you leave."

Joan regarded her friend with obvious

despair of hypothesis.

"Well—all right," she assented with as near a grumble as the golden contralto of her voice could effect. "It's got to be all right if you say so, I reckon—but, I warn you, if I have neuritis from it you'll have to pay the doctor's bill."

Now it is a well supported statement that the woman who does not know when a man is going to propose, is either an angel or an idiot. Also, it has been herein chronicled that Miss Joan Carter was possessed of a brain-supply not commonly allied to beauty of her exceptional quality. Hence she is not to be classed among the mentally incompetent; and her intimates would have attested to certain flashes of spirit which justified the admirable red tint of her hair and debarred her from angelic pretensions. But none-

theless, Craig's offer of his hand and heart and all worldly assets appertaining to the estate of senior partner, startled her to a genuine if trite protest against its "suddenness."

Craig, after his judicial habit, allowed for her viewpoint, though he was ready

with his own ardent argument.

"I know," he assented, "I know that you think it too soon, to-to be sure, but I knew the moment I first saw you -before I saw you, in fact. You see, it may sound absurd, but you'll see that it is true-our meeting as we did-the day, the very hour-how you looked and were dressed; even the circumstance of your being in distress of some sortwas all foretold to me by a crystal-gazer Mrs. Page had at her reception. It seemed absurd to me, too, at first and I didn't intend to go to the tea-roomshe described it so I knew the placeand I fought off the notion till the last moment-but something stronger than my will drew me. I-I had always had a-a sort of dream that I'd find heryou-in some unconventional way-And you see-I have. It was-is destinysurely," he urged.

Destiny!

Joan made rapid mental assembly of the components of that destiny. Theodosia's letter of insistent plan—the crystal-gazer's prophecy at her reception their meeting—and this hour.

"An assisted destiny—bless her," she murmured under her breath, for the strange blend of fear and delight which is the woman-pulse of surrender was suddenly crowding her throat and sending the blood of her heart warm over her face; and she had a deep sense of gratitude for that same assistance.

"I can scarcely hope that—that you can feel as I do—so soon," Craig further allowed. "You were not forewarned—but—later—perhaps—" he ventured.

"I think—perhaps—later," Joan conceded, but her "eyes of brown" were more betraying. They revealed the "starfire" of promise—and something deeper—even sweeter. The something that was the telling of all his white dreams—and more.

Then, of course, he kissed her.



A Shift In Values

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "In The Gallery," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY BLANCHE V. FISHER

OBEDIENT to her mother's commands, Dodie revolved in the middle of the room. She held herself stiff. She looked like a Dresden china tea-bell, of which her many starched petticoats made the body, her slender torso, the handle. On one side her mother held the new white dress. On the other side her grandmother unrolled the new blue sash.

Myrtle Rollins slipped the dress over the child's head, and standing off, closely examined the effect.

"Thank goodness!" she exclaimed in a relieved tone. "Those petticoats are short enough. I guess it's the first time I ever got them right. That's the advantage of being such an idiot about dressmaking."

It was taking the efforts of both the women to dress the child for the Christmas tree. Ever since Philippa Meade's invitation came, they had talked of little else. Myrtle had always relied on her mother-in-law in regard to every detail of the child's wardrobe. That oracle decided promptly in favor of a new dress for this occasion. Though Myrtle made it from materials of an expensive fineness that she had never dared before, she cut

it by the pattern she invariably used—a pattern that her mother-in-law had provided when Dodie went into short dresses. The elder Mrs. Rollins presented Dodie with the sash and shoes. Indeed, she was even more interested and excited than her daughter-in-law over the child's first appearance in society. It was, of course, that she wanted King's baby to make the proper sensation among the relatives of King's wife.

"You do a good deal better than I ever thought you would, Myrtle," Mrs. Rollins said. "When I consider what a flyaway little thing you were when you married King—why you couldn't much more than sew a straight seam. I think it's a great deal to your credit what you've ac-

complished."

"I have tried," Myrtle admitted, "and tried hard. But I guess I haven't the

knack."

"Knack! I don't see but you have plenty of knack," Mrs. Rollins protested.

"Well, I owe it all to you, mother."

Myrtle took the sash from Mrs. Rollins' hand and tied it about Dodie's waist. "It's an awful pretty blue. If she

"It's an awful pretty blue. If she spills any ice-cream on it, it will break

my heart."

"I'm glad you're going out for once, Myrtle," Mrs. Rollins went on. "You need a little change now and then. Besides, it gives you ideas. I do wish there were some young folks round here for you to sew with. Why when my children were growing up, I always belonged to a sewing-circle."

"But, mother, where do I get the time? Don't I sew and embroider every blessed moment? I'm too busy for anything like that. And as for being lonely—how can I

be with Dodie and you?"

She finished her daughter's toilet with a few perking dashes at ribbon-loops and

ruffles.

"Now you sit just as still as a little mouse, lamb-baby!" she apostrophized her, lifting her into a chair, "until mother's all ready. Don't slip down on to the floor, for you'll be sure to get into something. And, mother wants her baby to be as neat as a pin when she meets all her little cousins."

There could be no doubt that Myrtle Rollins took her motherhood hard. It softened her wide brown eyes with a delicate starriness just to look at Dodie. It flooded her voice with a rich, vibrating quality just to speak to her. It was hard for her, in conversation, to keep long away from her daughter. She lived in a world into which considerations other than Dodie's infantile needs no longer entered.

"I'm glad Dodie's going to see some other children at last," said Mrs. Rollins.

She sank into a chair and absently watched Myrtle complete her own toilet.

"She'll enjoy it a sight. I do wish there were some nice little children round here for her to play with. Sometimes I'm afraid being with grown people so much isn't good for her. It makes her too old fashioned."

Myrtle's mouth took its most inflexible curve. She was a fragile-looking woman, with a flickering brunette coloring and a thread of silver here and there in her jet-black hair. Maternity had brought out in her a certain physical tensity. Her forehead was sown with a net-work of fine lines. Sometime, when the ivory and rose faded, she would grow old all at once. The more tired she was, the deeper her cheeks blushed, the whiter grew her slim, nervous hands. To-day her face blazed.

"No children are better than bad ones," she pronounced crisply. "I can't let Dodie play with those common children at the foot of the street. And they're all the children there are round here."

Mrs. Rollins, the elder, was wide and pudgy. She always accented her stoutness by wearing short-waisted blouses with broad flat belts. Always, too, she wore flat sailor-collars with large flat bows, held down by a large cameo pin. At first Myrtle had thought her-with her mothy brown skin, her blurred brown eyes and her high, long-nostriled nosethe "homeliest" woman she had ever seen. Now she wondered how she ever could have thought her "homely." There was something about her face-you always turned to her whenever you had anything to say. This compelling power, had Myrtle only known it, was sympathy



-a sympathy so deep that it had created a subtle beauty of its own. And how Dodie loved her! Myrtle did not mind that her daughter would, at any time, leave her mother for her grandmother.

Mrs. Rollins had a hard time when her son, King, brought his wife home to live. Myrtle was frivolous and arrogant. She hated the faded Dorchester neighborhood, from which all the young people fled as soon as they were married. She hated the gloomy old house, the stark, black-walnut rooms, the atmosphere of an uncompromising, aged routine. She had not hesitated to show her disgust, and she had taken every opportunity to slip back to Maywood, the scene of her ante-marital belleship. Disagreements had arisen that were only saved by the older woman's tact from becoming open

Then Dodie was born and the differences vanished utterly. A common interest drew the two women into a constant companionship. A common affection built friendship between them, then love. Myrtle discovered her mother-in-law's good sense and, practically, she deferred to her in everything that touched Dodie's material welfare. All the foolish interests of her girlhood and bridehood fell away from her. And, on her side, Mrs. Rollins, mother of many, observed, with a respect sometimes deepening to a vague uneasiness, a conception of motherhood which seemed to eat up every atom of the girl's energy, which threatened to sap her very youth.

It was perhaps of all these things that Mrs. Rollins thought in the moment be-

fore she answered.

"No," she agreed, "you can't do that." But her voice held a wavering note of uncertainty.

It was the tone Myrtle answered.

"You know perfectly well, mother, she'd learn all kinds of things from them -naughty words, for instance. And she

might be saucy."

"Well, anyway, she'll be going to kindergarten another year." Mrs. Rollins spoke as if that prospect mitigated much. "Miss Whitney never has any but the nicest children. When I think King went to her-it don't seem possible that his little girl is going, too. Dodie'll be older then and know how to play with other children."

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"Oh, she'll know how to play with other children all right," Myrtle said easily. "That always comes to them."

This, Mrs. Rollins did not answer at all. She hooked Myrtle into her lace waist, the look of preoccupation still accenting her extraordinary plainness.

"And you'll trim the Christmas tree

while we're gone, mother?"

Myrtle said this in an undertone, her eyes sliding past her own reflection and fixing on a counterfeit Dodie in the glass.

"Yes, it'll be all ready when you get home. She'll be so tired that she'll want

to go right to bed."

"All right. Be sure to lay out all the little furniture in rooms under the Tree. I'll let her run in, in her nightie, the first thing in the morning. I'll fill her stocking, myself, after she's got to sleep. Oh mother, look at her—isn't she beautiful?" Myrtle ended in an ecstatic hiss.

Both the women stopped to adore the child for a moment. It was a ritual they performed half-a-dozen times a day. Unwontedly docile through the splendor of an unaccustomed gold locket and an unaccustomed turquoise ring, her little hands were disposed primly that they might not muss her skirt. She seemed to focus in her vivid little person all the scant light and color of the big bleak chamber. Dodie was in the very flower of infantile condition. Her flesh, velvety, pearly; her cheeks, a warm peony-pink; her eyes, brilliant, long-lashed, blue; her ravishing little red-and-white mouth all dotted with dimples, proved this. Smiling from concentric whirls of hamburg, she looked like an old-fashioned bouquet in a circle of embroidered paper.

"Your cousin's going to see a pretty child and a healthy child-if she's never

seen one in her life before."

Mrs. Rollins spoke quietly, but her voice rang with the conviction of grandmotherhood.

"Oh, Philippa's children are both

lovely," Myrtle remonstrated.

She felt that she must say this in the interest of fair play. But she knew, with the conviction of motherhood—which is only a shade less sure than the conviction of grandmotherhood-that what the older woman had insinuated was true. There would be no child at Philippa Meade's Christmas-tree to compare with Dodie. It was going to be a social triumph for her, Dodie's mother. And she was anticipating it with tumultuous throbs of exultation. Owing to the distance and to Dodie's fragile infancy, she had not been able to accept Philippa's previous invitations. But every refusal had cost her a pang. Now she was glad of the delay. Dodie was so much bigger, stronger, and more beautiful. She would burst like a vision on that whole Maywood crowd. Myrtle could hardly wait.

Her glow of complacency carried her over the realization that her lace waist and dark, broadcloth skirt had a curiously old fashioned look. It lifted her above the minor irritations of the start. After the process of getting Dodie into leggings, rubbers, coat, collar, muff, mittens, veil, hood, there were the special inconveniences of the slippery walk down

-no, up the street.

By choice Myrtle took the car-line at the head of the street. She did not like to take Dodie through the little squatter settlement at the foot that had set so many of the old Dorchester families to buying new houses in Brookline. Her exhilaration did not evaporate during the railroad trip. Indeed, it took a distinct leap upwards when the guard called,

"Maywood!"

Philippa had ordered a carriage to bring her to the house. Myrtle leaned back against the cushions, which seemed to symbolize the more splendid luxury to come, and drank in the shifting view. Maywood was a lively, crisp little town, a wilderness of tortured, wooden architecture, laid out as symmetrically as a toy-village, across velvet lawns and between rows of maples. Some day, when King had money enough, they were coming out here to live. Any one of the houses would satisfy Myrtle. She loved rooms that were not square, that had all kinds of breaks and turns and twists in them. In imagination she could see her wedding-presents, which still lay in their boxes, against such a background.

To-day, Christmas positively sizzled in the air. The ground was powdered with snow. The trees sparkled brilliantly in the flooding December sun. Huge green wreaths with flying crimson streamers glimmered through the frost on the window-panes. In the doorway, a postman, festooned with packages from knee to shoulder, was rapidly running through his impedimenta. At one house they were unloading a Christmas-tree. At another, a glossy black delivery-wagon, with the name in gilt letters of a Boston firm, was disgorging huge bundles after huger ones—a sled, a doll's carriage the last was surely a doll's house.

Philippa came running out bareheaded to meet them—a stouter Philippa but a radiant one, still with the faint coat of her summer tan overlaying her vigorous blondness. Myrtle noted that she wore a new yellow, princess gown, that her hair was done a different way, a big yellow bow in its puffed elaboration.

"Oh, Myrtie, I'm so glad to see you!" she boomed in her deep, hearty voice. "I've been on pins and needles for an hour, I was so afraid that something would happen at the last moment to prevent—and here's Dorothy Persis! Oh, you darling bunny-duck, come and kiss you' Auntie Phil!"

But Dodie, in a sudden fit of shyness, shrank to her mother's side.

"Oh, she's frightened—the love!" Philippa went on. "Never mind, pettielamb, you' Auntie Phil wont bother you till we get acquainted. Then she's going to eat you up. Come right in!"

She bustled them into the big square hall that seemed to brim with the flaming colors of an oriental corner, to snap with the vivacity of an open fire. Myrtle caught glimpses through the portières of the dining-room: she had a confused impression of holly-wreaths, cut glass, beermugs, a shining table with circles of Mexican drawn-work, a white-capped maid moving about. Coming in from the cold, she exulted in this dazzling detail and haphazard color. It spelled ease and opulence to her. Even the luscious heat seemed to intensify that effect. And she looked upon it, not as Philippa's home, but as the proper frame for Dodie's beauty, a background laid by a scenic master for her coming triumph.

Still talking in her deep-voiced, vigorous way, Philippa urged them up the broad stairs and into a big Delft-blue bedroom. She started to roll Dodie out of her wraps, but another access of shyness gripped the little girl.

She ran to her mother. Both the women laughed.

"Well, what's got into the child?"
Myrtle exclaimed.

But in her eyes shone the pride that mothers feel when their children will have none of aliens for little intimate services. She pulled Dodie upright and began to unpeel her, chatting frantically all the time. Philippa's presence exerted its old-time intoxication—she felt inclined to frisk—even to giggle.

Dodie emerged from her cocoon more brilliantly flushed than ever and with a positive blue fire sparkling between her fringing lashes. A stroke or two from Philippa's brush and the thick, hanging hair broke into ripples and waves. Myrtle pulled out sash-ends and petticoats. She looked over at her cousin in open triumph.

"Oh, what a darling!" Philippa responded promptly to this wordless cue. "You certainly have taken every care of her, Myrtle."

"I guess I have," Myrtle admitted.
"There isn't an inch of her skin that isn't like satin."

"Come upstairs now," Philippa urged. "We're having the Tree in the nursery. Lou Thayer's come with Baby Marjory -you remember Lou Eliot-you know she lost her first one-awfully sad, wasn't it? Marjory's about Dorothy's-Dodie, you call her-about Dodie's age. She's a perfect little fairy. Then Polly Perkins is here with her two boys-she's got a handful in them, I can tell you. But she knows just how to manage them—that tomboy's turned out the loveliest mother. And Miriam Dodge is here with her family. And Ella Stacev with the twins. Then I'm expecting Edith Whittier with Thomas. Why, you haven't seen these girls since not for four years, have you?'

"I guess not—not since before Dodie was born. Don't vou remember that you had a whist on your birthday and I came out for that?"

Philippa led the way up a second flight of stairs. They opened directly into the big garret nursery. In the middle of the floor glittered the Tree, bulging with tinsel toys and veiled in silver sheen. The children playing about it turned round eyes of curiosity on the new-comers. Clustered about a couch in the corner, a group of mothers looked up inquiringly as they entered. Subconsciously, Myrtle noted pretty silken bags gaping to expose dainty sewing utensils, bits of linen and embroidery.

"Why, it's Mrs. Rollins!" one of the mothers exclaimed. She came rushing forward—a pretty little dark woman sparking out of a raspberry-colored gown, all ruffles. "We were so afraid something would prevent you from com-

ing."

Myrtle recognized her as Polly Perkins.

"How do you do?"

She held out a formal hand. Dodie was still anchored to her skirts.

"And this is little Dorothy," Mrs. Perkins said, kneeling down. "Oh, you cunning bunch! Come, girls, come and see Mrs. Rollins' little girl! Do kiss me, lambie!"

The other women came forward. They greeted Myrtle cordially, but devoted themselves to the child. Dodie could not be coaxed out of her shyness, however. The more entreating grew their voices, the more beguiling their ways, the closer she clung, the deeper she buried her face in her mother's skirts.

"She's frightened, of course," Mrs. Perkins said, relieving the situation with her quick tact. "Wait until she gets used to all these new faces. Take this chair, Mrs. Rollins."

Myrtle sat down, embarrassed. She pulled Dodie to her side. The child clung

to her like a little limpet.

Appreciating Myrtle's dilemma, they brought the children up to her for inspection, first Philippa's black browed, sturdy boys, last Mrs. Stacey's baby, who cooed approval for a second from Myrtle's arms. Dodie would look at none of them. But the children, as they slipped



In the middle of the floor
glittered the tree,
the children
playing about it —

moistly polite little paws into the strange lady's hand, stared very hard at the strange little girl, awed by her air of haughty exclusiveness.

"I hope you brought your sewing, Mrs. Rollins," Polly Perkins said, after this

ordeal was over.

"No, I didn't. I wish I had."

"If you lived in Maywood," laughed Lou Thayer, "you'd soon learn to go nowhere without it. We sew at everything but weddings and funerals." And she went on with her hem-stitching. "At present we're all crazy about hand-work and we're doing the children's best dresses without a stitch on the machine. I'm naturally slow myself. I have to work like a beaver to keep up with the rest."

Myrtle did not reply to this and the group swung easily into talk of their own concerns. She listened. They recognized her presence with an occasional remark, in a courteous explanation of local allusions. But in spite of it all, Myrtle had that sense of being on the outside that inevitably comes when a stranger joins a group closely knit by neighborhood interests. She had a feeling that she was older than the rest and yet, by a curious paradox, less experienced. How well they talked! How they seemed to know each other! And then the extraordinary number of things they had in common! They drifted from a consideration of the next "whist," through an argument about a play running in Boston, to a discussion of a magazine-serial whose very name Myrtle had not heard. Then they got lack with much laughter and anecdote to servants, household economy, and clothes.

Left to herself, Dodie gradually lifted her head. Urged by her mother, she slipped to the floor. Still holding Myrtle's hand, she gazed in wonder at the romping children.

Philippa observed.

"Come here, children!" she called sonorously. "The little girl's all ready to play with you now. Come, Marjory and Daisy and Ted and Billy! Come, Freddie and Rutherford! Come, Eleanor!"

Obedient to her call, the group danced over to her side. Myrtle stared at them as

if seeing them for the first time. Had she ever seen children before? Little fairy girls all ruffles and ribbon and ringlets—stalwart boys in the most shining of freshly laundered linen, the most polished of patent leather slippers—they gathered in an appreciative circle about Dodie. Tiny, blonde Marjory—it looked as if a puff of wind would send her across the slippery floor in an involuntary dance—ventured to take her hand.

Dodie watched their approach with an apprehension that grew rapidly into alarm. At Marjory's shy touch, her self-control went utterly. She burst into a sob that voiced sheer terror. She caught con-

vulsively at Myrtle's neck.

Again the group of mothers rang with

sympathetic cries.

"Run away, children!" This was Philippa. "The little girl will play with you later. Poor little dear! She's frightened at the confusion."

"She's not used to other children, is she, Mrs. Rollins?" from the others.

Myrtle answered the last question.

"No, she's never played with other

children."

She spoke with composure. But inwardly she was suffering. Dodie was not doing her mother proud. Dodie was not doing herself justice. However, she'd get over her terrors after a while and then they'd see her beauties and graces, all her little darling, baby ways. A wild surge of adoration came over her. She lifted the child into her arms, pressing a flurry of kisses on the round velvety cheeks. Soothed by this demonstration, Dodie subsided into a quiescent heap.

The talk among the mothers had turned to children's clothes. An argument about a pattern provoked laughing contradictions on one side, wagers on the other. Philippa disappeared, came back with all the month's harvest of women's magazines. Her guests grabbed them from her hand, ransacked them, studied the illustrations. They talked in terms Myrtle did not understand, but she listened avidly. It all helped to crystallize in her mind something that had been growing there, vague but definite. Furtively she examined the little girls playing about the Tree. Once or twice, with a

premeditated effect of unconsciousness, she swept Dodie with a critical gaze. There was something about the little girls. What was it? There was something about Dodie. What was it? It came to her after a while. They looked "smart." Dodie looked—well, she might as well admit it—Dodie looked "gorming."

Dodie's dress was too long to be graceful, yet not long enough to be "quaint." Their skirts came just above the bend of the knee. Dodie wore long black stockings. They wore delicately tinted, silk socks that left bare delicious areas of dimpled flesh. Dodie wore button boots that were too wide at the top for her slender legs. They wore dainty strapped slippers. Dodie's hair, left to hang unconfined to her waist, had tangled and snarled. Their heads-they wore either the "Dutch cut" or curls, smartly bowed -looked trim. Dodie wore a sash too wide for her height, gathered into a big awkward bow at the back. Sashless, their little bodies were dotted at pretty intervals with choux of nursery ribbon, were striped with insertions of filmiest lace.

Dodie looked horrid!

Well, what wonder in a dress made from a pattern that dated back to the babyhood of King's youngest sister? Dodie's clothes might be all wrong, but Dodie herself was surely beautiful. She examined the child's face in a kind of terror. Dodie smiled limpidly up at her out of eyes that were wells of pure color. Wait until she got at some of those fashion magazines. Wait until next Christmas, She'd show them!

The arrival of Edith Whittier created a diversion. With her came Thomas, the boy-toy of the whole united little circle-Thomas, a thing of chubby cheeks, eyes like black O's and a baby smile of rare ingenuousness-a Thomas, moreover, in the glories of his first trousers-a Thomas who stood for inspection in the doorway, thrusting dimpled hands into black velvet pockets. A shriek of grownup appreciation greeted this sartorial début. But the excitement would doubtless have tapered down to the calm that precedes the gift-giving if Thomas had not marked Dodie for his own. Speeding to her side, he kissed her.

It was a fatal impulse. From it came confusion and chaos, came utter rout and ruin. Dodie's terrified screams could not be hushed. Myrtle kissed her and patted her, walked her and rocked her, entreated her. Everybody offered a new scheme for placating her and each scheme plunged the child into deeper woe. Myrtle retreated, finally, to Philippa's bedroom, where she nursed Dodie to tranquility and her own sense of outrage to composure.

Always in memory, the rest of the party was a blur to Myrtle Rollins-a series of greater mortifications rolling on lesser ones to make a sum total that she always shrank from considering. After an hour of calm with Dodie, Myrtle ventured back to the nursery with her. But the confusion of gift-giving proved too much for Dodie. She spurned the fruitage of the marvelous tree. She spurned the children who made friendly overtures. She spurned the parents who tried to make amends. Finally, she spurned her mother. All this went to the accompaniment of wails and sobs and screams. At last Myrtle bore her, yelling and kicking back to Philippa's bedroom and hushed her to an exhausted sleep.

Myrtle made herself assist Philippa in putting the last touches to the table. She made herself join the pretty procession coming, gift-laden and laughing, down the stairs. She made herself sit with them when every detail of the picture—the child-encircled table, a mother behind each little head-threw into aching contrast her own childlessness. She made herself answer calmly the kindly inquiries of those happier mothers, made herself accept with smiles their tactful explanation of Dodie's behavior. She laughed and appreciated. But, all the time, she carried the picture of Dodie asleep upstairs, tumbled, disheveled, her features swollen out of shape, her exquisite coloring a mottled ruin. All the time she swaved in the turmoil of a mental hurricane; she was enduring the acutest mortification of her life.

She was too dispirited to notice that she had taken the car-line that went by

the foot of the street until the hated crowd of cheap wooden houses came into view.

Frowning involuntarily, she helped Dodie out of the car and started up the hill.

Half-way up a voice arrested her.

"Why, Myrtle Meade," it called, "of all things!"

Myrtle looked around in surprise.

"Why, Maggie Kelly," she said, "is it really you?"

She stood irresolutely at the gate, but Maggie came bounding down the steps.

"The sight of you's good for sore eyes!" Maggie said, shaking Myrtle's hand.

"I'm glad to see you, too," Myrtle said, formally.

The two girls had sat beside each other in the grammar school, had, in fact, graduated from the same class. Myrtle had adored Maggie in those democratic days of her early teens. Now it amused and embarrassed her a little to see that Maggie expected that the intimacy could be taken up just where it was left off.

"I'm married. My name's Flaherty. My man's a motorman," Maggie explained, breathlessly. "Come in, Myrtle—do. I want you to see my house and my—is that your little girl?"

"Yes."

"Oh, do come in," Maggie begged, jumping up and down as if in the throes of the most delicious emotions. "Oh, do come in. I want to show you something."

And Myrtle went, Dodie tagging at her heels.

Maggie, not stopping to explain, dis-

appeared. Myrtle, loosening Dodie's coat, removed her hat and fur collar, gazed disdainfully about the mean little room. Maggie whisked back into sight. She was pulling something by the hand. "Here's my little girl," she said.

She looked at Myra with all the pride of motherhood beaming in her face. Then

her gaze went to Dodie.

Dodie, in that lucent physical calm which follows a storm and a nap, was a vision of ravishing color—all velvety pinks and seraphic blues, all long lashes and shining masses of hair. And with the perversity of childhood she was dimpling at the strange child.

Myrtle saw Maggie's look, turning swiftly back to her own daughter's face, change subtly. For little Maggie was not beautiful. She was a big-nosed, freckled child—one of those coarse flowers of babyhood, predestined to grow uglier and uglier as the years should steal from her the inalienable freshness of infancy.

Maggie's radiance began to fade.
"Here's my little girl," she said again—and then more slowly, "she's not so very beautiful, I guess, but she's the best child that ever—"

But Myrtle had bounded across the room, was down on her knees, was kissing the little freckled face. Her voice

caught and broke.

"She's a lovely little girl, Maggie," she said, "you ought to be proud of her. Wont you let her come to Dodie's Christmas tree to-morrow? And now, Maggie, that you're so near, you must come up every single afternoon and sew with me. Oh, do come!"







He was able to watch every movement of the Japs

The Setting of the Sun

BY WILLIAM HAROLD DURHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE

I

THE guns defending the Golden Gate had belched in vain. The ships of Swinburn's Pacific fleet, composed of his old cruisers and a few of the more worthless battleships, which under Evans and Sperry had made the tour of the world, had been defeated—defeated so easily that it was almost with a "whiff of grape-shot." The fleet of aëroplanes which were so confidently depended upon twenty-four hours before to stop all effort on the Pacific Coast, had been blown out of the air by the huge shells

shot upwards from guns in the turrets of the Japanese battleships, which had been mounted for just such work. It was found that a shell exploded in the air, when fired from a twelve-inch gun, within a range of half a mile of the air-ships, made it impossible for the machines to live. They never succeeded in dropping a single bomb. And the three hundred thousand Japanese soldiers, already on the Pacific Coast when the war began, were now, a month later, reinforced by half a million veterans of the Russian war from home.

Immediately upon receiving the news

of the capture of Manila and the disappearance of the American flag from the Philippines, the scores of thousands of yellow merchants, students, servants, and laborers, had cast aside every pretense and occupied every city on the coast.

Next came the fall of Honolulu and the capture of the great stores of coal and naval supplies at Pearl Harbor, which a strenuous administration had placed there without an eye to defending them. Doughty Swinburn had sought in vain to stop the Dreadnaughts of the Empire of the Sun with his cockleshell fleet of cruisers and antediluvian battleships, and he and his ships were a memory.

Then, with a force of men such as had not been seen in America since the Civil War, Nogi, Oyama, and Kuroki, landing in peaceful and undefended Santa Monica, San Pedro, and Wilmington bays, had occupied the coast from Seattle to San Diego, forcing every fortified post to surrender through starva-

ion.

The Pacific Coast was now foreign territory. The Japanese made no secret of the dread need of that section for the accommodation of a population starving at home, and already the logical sequel of a war of races was seen in murdered men and women.

For over six weeks not a train had departed for the East, and by one means and another almost all the rolling stock of the Southern Pacific and the Coast Lines of the Santa Fe had been collected in Los Angeles and San Francisco, while the Salt Lake was a thing of the past. The Great Northern was in the same condition and the soldiers of Oyama penetrated to the Western Slope of the Rocky Mountains on the North and to El Paso on the South. Then had begun a retrograde movement, and the tracks and bridges were destroyed west to the Eastern limits of the Coast states, leaving a gap of thousands of miles over which it was impossible to march such untrained men as could be gathered in the East.

The halls of Congress now rocked with anathema at the administration

which had left the West in such shape, while interfering with local legislation designed to prevent the condition which had arisen.

In the money centers of the country and in certain other sections the old peace-at-any-price spirit promptly manifested itself. California was stripped of her gold, Oregon and Washington had but a remnant of their once great forests, while Arizona and Nevada were only deserts, not worth fighting for. The Atlantic fleet of twenty-eight battle-ships, only four of which were of Dreadnaught type, could not be expected to make the long voyage around the Horn and then, without docking, successfully combat the thirty-six battleships and forty cruisers of Japan. Besides, they said, Germany was threatening the Monroe Doctrine and that was a tradition which must be upheld at all hazards. Better allow Japan a foothold on North America, where was no Monroe Doctrine, than to fail to keep Europe out of South America. To do this required the presence of these guarantees of peace in the Atlantic. Besides, they would unquestionably sunk if allowed to go to the Pacific.

But, as of old, when the embattled hosts of secession sought to destroy the Union, the Middle West stood firm. The obstructionist Senators and Representatives were mobbed in Pennsylvania avenue and the fleet was ordered to the Pacific. It was the last word of the American people, mighty in their defenselessness, to the aspiring power

of the Son of the Sun.

This was a week after the capture of Honolulu, and upon the day the order which sent the Atlantic fleet to destruction was given, a call for two million volunteers was issued.

Thanks to the policy of government in the matter of immigration and other things, five million responded, and, of these, three hundred thousand passed the physical examination. The standard was at once lowered and two hundred thousand more were recruited. Then came the news of the landing of the Japanese army of occupation and standards were thrown to the winds. The



The visitor introduced himself as Scott Halsey

result was a helpless crew of half the available fighting strength of the country dumped upon open ground without shelter, arms, food or uniforms.

It was then found that there were not serviceable military rifles to arm half a million men, while there were not cartridges for them for a single battle of six hours. Whereupon arms of all kinds were purchased and private and government factories kept up to their capacity. When a month of this showed that the United States, in three years, could put one million men in the field properly equipped, all lost heart.

So poverty stricken was the fleet for powder that the customary salutes and morning and evening guns were not fired and, generally, instead of the panoply of war appearing everywhere, there was but a grim silence and a gloomy nation. Again the obstructionists yelped for peace. The Japs had the West and we could not hope to recover it short of two hundred years of continuous preparation.

In the meantime, Admiral Wainwright was doing all in his power to prepare his fleet for the cruise, and at the end of a month he got away. It was not many months since the most of those same ships had gone South on a peaceful cruise, with their hulls painted white and their superstructures gayly decorated. Now they wore a sullen gray, with death instead of feast at their

journey's end, and that end, months off. That cruise had required from December to March to reach Magdalena bay, with stops and visits; Wainwright could not hope to do it in much less time. And now, as then, the colliers carried foreign flags, despite the protests of Japanese ambassadors in foreign courts. But none of them were British and none of them were German, and all were to leave the fleet upon reaching Mexican waters in the Pacific. Truly a sinister aspect!

There was not a sailor on board who did not feel he was going to his death, a useless sacrifice for a country which had taken such poor care of his interests that it had not provided him with a fighting equipment. At Magdalena Bay the spirit of Wainwright broke when he found the coal so low that he had but enough for a thousand miles of slow steaming. He called a conference of his captains and in the wardroom of the old *Connecticut* made plain to them the situation.

Just as Wainwright took his seat, after sketching in gloomy colors the desperate situation which confronted them, a note was sent on board from a strange craft which had frightened the sentries out of their wits by emerging from the water within twenty feet of the flagship. The note requested an audience and said that the sender was in possession of vital information. Admiral Wainwright at once ordered the man sent to the wardroom.

The visitor introduced himself as Scott Halsey. He further declared that his home had been in Los Angeles, that he had been experimenting upon a boat with high speed, and concluded with the statement:

"I now have twenty boats of this type in Magdalena Bay and with them I can sink all the navies of the world, using battleships only as tenders."

Had someone dropped the proverbial bomb on the table of the wardroom, it would not have created the amazement his words produced. Cries of derision arose from every throat, but the young man held his ground with a quiet smile. Admiral Wainwright was the first to recover from the surprise which gripped them all, and asked for details.

Halsey rapidly sketched a plan of the boat upon a chart lying on the table and made the startling statement that he feared nothing that floated and no wind that blew.

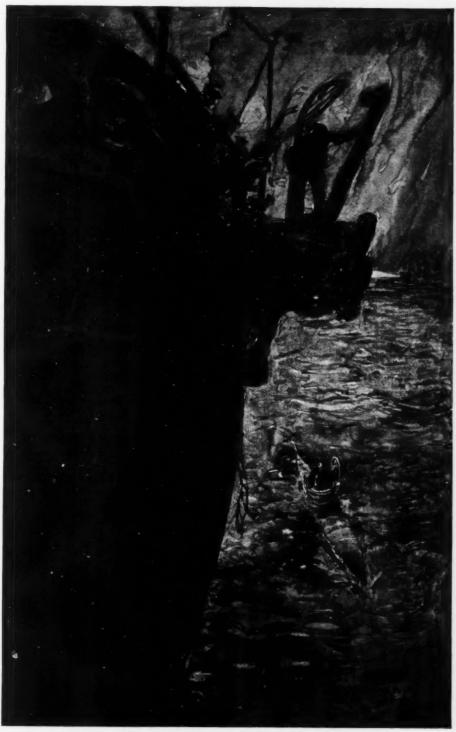
"Admiral," he said, "I suggest that the best way to dispel your doubts is to give you an exhibition of the boat. It

is lying alongside."

The officers scurried to the deck like schoolboys released from their tasks, so eager were they to see the wonderful machine which was not only to save the American navy but destroy that of Japan and thus win the war.

The glare of a searchlight was turned upon her and the inventor pointed out her visible peculiarities, including a mass of small machinery seen through the open hatch. She floated, save for the conning tower, which was only a foot high, and in which the hatch was placed, almost totally submerged. Her diminutive size-her length twenty-two feet and her width, according to Halsey, only eighteen inches-made her seem ridiculous when it was remembered that she was to be pitted against the largest battleships afloat. Her bow and stern were shaped to a needle's point, one being distinguishable from the other only by two huge fins at the bow. In reply to the officers' questions Halsey explained that these were to keep the boat in the water when traveling at high speed.

"You are not able to see the propeller, of course," said the young man, "but it is there, and it is not a screw. It more nearly resembles the tail of a trout than anything else, and from it I obtain my speed. She carries two small torpedoes, quite large enough, however, to sink any two ships ever launched, and these are fired, while the boat is moving at top speed, from the torpedo tube you see at the front. When in motion the vessel is submerged more than when at rest. It is the principle of the fish which swims, not like a slow going boat, on the water, but in the water. It is a brand new thing in boats and does not look deadly. But it will save the American fleet now, and in the future make war impossible. That,



Descending into his strange craft, Halsey closed the hatch

indeed, was my sole object when I de-

signed her."

"But that conning tower," objected Admiral Wainwright, "will be the means of her destruction. It will be seen at four or five thousand yards."

Halsey smiled. "It will be moving at that distance," he replied, softly.

"What of that?" asked Wainwright.
"We hit moving things with these guns, young man. I fear that your boat is no better than the submarines we have on

board, and they, I believe, are useless."
"Have patience, Admiral, until you see the speed she will make. Just ask the man to follow me with a searchlight and you will get an idea of the ability of the gunner who hits that boat while it is in motion."

Quickly descending into his strange craft, Halsey closed the hatch and pulled a tiny brass handled lever which stood at his right hand as he partially reclined upon a low stool under the tower. This position placed the crown of his head within two inches of the top. His eyes were on a level with the eye-pieces of the conning tower, which were really two small telescopes. His operation of the lever started the gasoline engine in the stern of the boat. His feet rested on pedal-like affairs with which he steered the craft. This arrangement left his left hand free to load and fire the torpedoes, one of which was carried in a tube at all times, while the other rested upon a small carriage occupying one side of the boat. The gasoline tanks were in the hold and carried sufficient fuel to feed the compact eight-cylinder engine for five hundred miles. The boat sunk at starting until but six inches of the tower was above water, and through the eye pieces Halsey saw the flashes of the restless searchlights glancing magically over the surface of the water.

Suddenly the boat shot into the darkness beyond the circle of radiance, whereupon the man at the searchlight on the
flagship, who had been warned to look
sharp, thought he had a "touch of sun."
For he lost the object of his search instantly, and in ten seconds it was picked
up and reported by wireless to the Ad-

miral from a vessel some distance away. In half a minute it was again reported by the ship guarding the entrance to the bay and immediately after reported as lost to the light.

The wireless messages were accompanied by signs of fright from the officers left in command of the various ships during the absence of the captains with the Admiral, but a reassuring message quieted these, and within another minute Halsey drove his boat to the surface

against the side of the flagship.

"Hit me and my boat?" he snorted as he clamored aboard and joined the amazed officers. "You can't hit it in a day's shooting with your big guns, and your machine-guns I don't fear. Besides, if you do hit it, it is a loss of a few thousand dollars and one life, whereas, let me strike once and you can afford to throw it away. This boat, gentleman, travels at a rate a shade above eighty miles an hour when it has business on hand requiring immediate attention. I have yet to see the range finder that will keep up with it."

"But there were other boats reported by my ships far out toward the entrance of the bay," objected the Admiral, unwilling to believe the seemingly impossible, although it had been demonstrated

before his eyes.

"There are other boats of mine in the bay," said Halsey, "nineteen others, and each is resting unseen against the side of one of your ships, but the only boat in motion was the one I drove."

For the first time since the fleet left Boston Harbor, Admiral Wainwright that night rested in peace. His was the knowledge that the orders issued for tomorrow would bring about the greatest and probably the last naval battle-in the history of the world. Each captain returned to his own ship enthused with the hope which Halsey's exploit had inspired, and told his officers that the great battle which the Japs had been hunting with eagerness was now desired quite as much by the Americans. Before the taps sounded that night every man in the fleet knew the story, for there was no reason to keep it secret, and it was intended to send the submarines in advance as scouts, replacing the slower torpedo boat destroyers.

II

Gayly on the morrow the ships steamed out of the harbor. The submarines were nowhere in sight on the sunflecked sea, but it was known that they had departed sometime before and were now eagerly scouring the ocean for a

sight of the Japanese fleet.

Cable and wireless from Magdalena Bay flashed to the world the news of the departure of the fleet. The officers and men were in high spirits, with the expressed conviction that the American flag would still be floating when the roar of the approaching battle died. The people of the United States, cast into gloom for months, could hardly throw off their foreboding, although it was realized that Wainwright would not have sent this message unless he himself believed in the results. One thing was certain, within the next twenty-four hours a battle would be fought which would decide the future of the western hemisphere and perhaps that of the world. No mention of the new boat which had come to the rescue of the endangered fleet was made in Wainwright's message to the people, and thus it was believed that that message was based solely upon information he had received as to the condition of

At noon the wireless from the flagship flashed to the rest of the fleet the information that the Jap battleship fleet of thirty-four vessels with twenty-six cruisers was seventy miles to the north and one hundred and twenty miles to the west. Cheer after cheer went up as it was realized that this information, so vital to a quick combat, could have been brought to the flagship by nothing but

the fast submarines.

On the other hand, Admiral Togo, whose wireless had intercepted the message, gazed at the copy in profound astonishment. He was unable to understand how the enemy had learned his position. The distance between himself and the American fleet, as shown by the intercepted message, was so great that no

scout-boat could have picked him out and returned to the fleet within the time. However, he was eager for battle and the message told him exactly where to find it.

The hot sun began to sink. Hour after hour the fleets steadily approached each other, the wireless of one intercepting the messages of the other, and finally over the rim of the sea drifted into the sight of each, the smoke from the opposing ships. Silently and swiftly they continued their way, the great clouds of smoke issuing from the Japanese ships telling a tale of stores of coal in reserve at Honolulu, a thin wisp from the American ships telling of the disgrace and carelessness of a nation.

The tops of the Japs came into sight; then the turrets, and finally the ships themselves in battle formation, the flagship in the center of thirty-four of the most powerful battleships in the world. They made an imposing spectacle as they bore steadily down upon the twenty-six ships of the American squadron, flanking the latter on both sides by their superior numbers, and stretching North and South from horizon to horizon. Far to the west could be seen the smoke of another fleet, the Japanese cruisers.

Wainwright also was in battle formation, but he could not cover his flanks, and at ten miles the American ships slackened speed. A groan from the American sailors and a cheer from the Japanese followed this maneuver, which could only mean that the American Admiral sought to avoid a conflict.

But the cheer was quickly followed by an emotion of amazement. For, at that instant, a look-out on the Japanese flagship reported a strange craft three miles to the east heading apparently straight for the ship. It could be nothing but a submarine and the deadly assassin was really feared, for Japanese experiments had taught that these were the most dangerous of all craft if they could develop speed, a thing which this boat certainly could do.

At the same time the wireless flashed from every ship in the enemy's squadron the news of similar craft about the entire fleet.



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He came to the surface and proceeded slowly forward

On the Japanese flagship every gun that could be brought to bear upon the boat approaching that vessel was trained, while the other submarines suddenly disappeared when guns were trained on them. Then the range finders began their work. They proved absolutely worthless. Nothing could be seen within their fields, save now and then something which appeared to be a streaking flash and which disappeared out of the fields almost as if by magic. And all the time Admiral Togo in the conning tower saw the thing approach the doomed ship without being fired upon.

In his boat Halsey manipulated his apparatus and chuckled. He had chosen for himself the honor of sinking the flagship, and until that work was done the other boats were to keep out of the action. When she was four miles away he had shaped his course for her. Through the little telescopes which focused automatically as the boat neared the object in their field, he was able to watch every movement of the Japs, not yet disturbed, who sought to get his range. Time after time he saw the signal given, but no report followed, as the automatic register of the range-finder showed that the target had disappeared. Faster and faster he approached the ship and, when a mile away, to test the courage of the Japs, and to add to their fright, he rose to the surface. He did not stop. The boat rose within its own length, then sank again and rocked a bit as the terrific speed at which he was going almost tore the boat asunder before the fins on either bow could grip the element in which she floated and keep her steady in the course. But that instant had been enough to draw their fire. The ship disappeared in a sheet of flame, then cleared quickly as the vapor from the smokeless powder disappeared and Halsey saw consternation plainly written on the faces which were visible at the port-holes.

This consternation was due to the fact that a complete miss had been made, although ten tons of steel projectiles had been fired. The speed of the boat actually seemed to be greater than that of the projectiles! Certainly it had been great enough to remove her from the range of shells which shrieked harmlessly overhead and plumped, a mass of steel, into the sea where his boat had been an almost immeasurable time before.

Immediately the broadside was fired Admiral Togo had seen its uselessness, and shouted through the telephone:

"The submarine was not hit and is approaching the ship at incredible speed. Sink her. She is now within fifteen hundred yards."

He gazed to sea again, and then:

"She is within a thousand yards—now seven hundred—five hun—"

So far as humanity knows, those were the last words he ever spoke.

Halsey had driven his boat so close to the big battleship that the heavy guns could not be depressed sufficiently to bear upon him. Studying the ship he came to the surface and proceeded slowly forward, disdaining the shower of machine gun missiles, which were poured upon him in a veritable stream.

Stopping his engine for almost a minute, he stood perfectly still upon the smooth surface of the water. He knew that he was safe from the other guns of the fleet, for to sink him meant sinking the flagship. The machine-guns were now working so fast that the explosions formed a noise the like of which can be found nowhere, save at that spot where desperate men are supplied with them and working to save their lives.

Having seen all that he desired Halsey reached forward and pulled the torpedo firing lever.

A roar which sounded the doom of a nation's ambition swept over the ocean and carried with it the sinking banner of the Son of the Sun.

A sheet of flame shot from the center of the flagship, hurling the superstructure high into the air. The water rushed through a fifty-foot hole in her plates with a force which churned the ocean for yards around. There was another explosion, this time bringing the forward turrets amid the descending wreckage of the bridge and decks, and splitting the ship in twain.

Thus she sank.

Great as was his speed, Halsey was barely able to escape the maelstrom he had created. The little cockleshell in which he sat was whirled about like a bit of broom straw. Quickly, however, the splendid mechanism of the boat brought her about, and with her engine ablaze through the action of the spark coil, she sped to safety, emerging a mile away and on the port quarter of the flag ship of the vice admiral, now the commander of the fleet.

From his vessel the Japanese vice admiral had carefully watched the submarine. So deeply engrossed in her action was he that he even forgot the protection of his conning tower, but he was satisfied. He had seen the awful result of the action, but he thought that he had seen something else; he thought that he had solved the problem of the defense of the fleet against this mysterious menace; he thought that the boat could not discharge her torpedo unless standing still or, at best, at slow speed. Accordingly he gave orders to his fleet to fire into the flagship, if necessary, in order to sink the strange craft.

Again testing every lever and screw to see that his boat had sustained no damage from the hard usage it had undergone, Halsey settled himself in the conning tower, shaped his course to run parallel to the new flagship, and started full

speed ahead.

Without slackening speed he passed the bow of the ship so rapidly that there was but a blurring flash in the fields of the range finders, bobbed into full view, then sank and passed on. There was another roar, another belching of men, guns and ammunition, through riven steel, and quickly another and slighter explosion. The waters hissed and foamed, a swell rose which beat itself against the hulls of the American ships, miles away, and the vice-admiral had gone to join his chief.

The second explosion, which indicated to Wainwright that Halsey's boat was now out of ammunition, was the prearranged signal for the other boats of the submarine squadron to enter the action. These had appeared within view of the enemy but once, in order to add to the

terror, which was sure to follow the conclusion of Halsey's work, for he desired, after the first attack, to capture rather than to kill. He now directed his course toward the American flagship.

III

From his bridge, and accompanied only by his flag officer, Admiral Wainwright had watched with interest the maneuvers of the submarines, and had stood appalled when the flagship of the enemy suddenly disappeared in a burst of flame. Then, as the second ship was served in the same way, he saw all chance of getting his ships into the action dissipated, and accordingly raved, declaring, in his anger, that he would have Halsey court martialed.

"By whom and for what?" asked the flag officer, with a smile. "Halsey is saving our ships and our men. Why, his whole flotilla cost less than a broadside from our main batteries. And you are also witnessing the dawn of a new naval history. It was murder to send us against

that fleet."

"History be damned," shouted the Admiral, shielding his ears from the roar of the third explosion. "There will be no new naval history. There will never be another war."

From every side of the Japanese fleet the submarines now sprang into the action. Halsey, upon the bridge of the American flagship, receiving the congratulations of a nation from the men that nation had doomed to die, allowed a wan smile to cover his face as reverberation after reverberation reached his ears. His own captains were busy.

Ship after ship sought in vain to bring a gun to bear upon the particular submarine that was attacking her. Range finder after range finder was tried in a vain hope of discovering some manner of following the boat and blowing it out of the water. This could readily have resulted, even with a one pounder, had a hit been possible, but it was not possible, and ship after ship was flung high into the air amid a fanfare of noise, mingled with the burning of powder, the groans of men and the rending of steel.



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These now rushed to the decks and threw themselves into the ocean

The fleet had long since lost its battle formation, and now came the attempt of its complement to secure safety in flight. Nor was this possible. For the strange boats, now that the enemy was totally disabled and seeking to flee, still circled around them as if to show that even a thought of escape was a thought of suicide. Some of them even opened their hatches and jeered at the helpless sea monsters. The machine-guns no longer growled, the men no longer obeyed their officers. There was a gloom of hopeless defeat about the faces of those who still trod the decks of the beaten ships, and gone was that pride of knowledge that they were quickly to end the war and gain an empire-a pride grown from the, to them, rational belief that the yellow race would dominate the world and issue its orders from every capital on earth.

At last the Hades seething within the ships themselves broke loose. The news of the battle had penetrated to the stokers! These now rushed to the decks and threw themselves into the ocean. As ship after ship was sunk the sailors on those still afloat deserted their posts, although they had not fired a shot and had not been fired upon, and followed the stokers over the rails and into the sea. Within fifteen minutes, of the thirteen ships left of the thirty-four which had attacked Wainwright that day, there was not a man on board save the officers; while the cruisers, which had formed the rear, eight miles away, had deliberately fled.

Gun fire and the knowledge, through faith, of a certain reward for death in battle will serve to encourage men in an open plain, in a wooded vale, or even on shipboard, when there is even one chance in a billion for life. When that chance utterly disappears, it is but human nature to cling to life more tenaciously than ever before. Accordingly, now that it was seen that the great ships were helpless before this terrible American invention, the men poured over the sides like rats.

At the spectacle Wainwright sent a wireless demand for surrender, which was instantly accepted by the helpless officers. Wainwright immediately sent boats, and was in the act of detailing a prize crew when Halsey interfered.

"Those ships are mine," he said, quietly, but with feeling, "and I choose

to sink them."

"But man," gasped the Admiral, "the United States can use those ships. Why, untouched by shell, they are worth millions of dollars. Besides, Japan still has forty cruisers in these waters."

"Who will man them against my

boats?'

The question was quietly asked, but it answered the statement of the Admiral. He hung his head and said:

"My occupation is gone."

Thereupon he dismissed the prize crew. "But we might take them into port and show them off, then sell them for junk," he added, with a pale smile.

"True, Admiral," Halsey replied, "and I am a poor man, but I want to give the world an object lesson, and here is my opportunity. Call it spectacular, if you wish, but since the death of my father in the Spanish war I have wanted war to cease. It is within my power to end it now. I am the greatest conquerer -I am greater than all the conquerors that have ever trod the earth, for the combined wealth of all the nations cannot produce a fighting machine that I cannot destroy. And as conqueror of the Twentieth Century, I decree that war shall cease." An instant his eyes met those of the Admiral. Then the elder man held out his hand.

"You may have your way," Wain-

wright said, and turned.

By now every person was off the doomed ships. The Japanese prisoners were herded on the decks of the American fleet, and there, with amazed eyes, they saw the remnant of the work of the past ten years of their nation and the last of a vision of conquest half a century old go up in flame and down to the bottom of the broad Pacific in whirlpools, the ripples of which were felt 'round the world.

"And woe to any nation that declares war henceforth," said Halsey, standing beside the Admiral, hat in hand, "for in doing so it declares war on me."

Hallie Anne's Christmas Sale

BY E. A. WHARTON

Author of "When Conscience Slept," etc.

A UNT MEHITABEL ARCHER settled herself in her chair before the huge fireplace, heaped with crack-

ling logs.

"Ah, this is solid comfort," she sighed, stretching her feet to the cheerful blaze. "The toy affairs called grates in city houses may be 'near-fireplaces,' but give me the genuine article. I'm not denying that since son-in-law Henry put a hotair furnace in the cellar the house is more comfortable all over. But the living-room wouldn't be home without this."

She leaned back, gazing at the flames. Her keen gray eyes softened as if she saw again the group of boys and girls that used to gather in the old room, cracking nuts and jokes around the evening fire. Phoebe Ellen and I, last remnants of a once large "country connection," waited patiently for the gossip of the city cousins that we had dropped in to hear. For Aunt Mehitabel had but yesterday returned from a holiday visit to her son and daughter in the city.

Presently she straightened herself with a shake of her erect body and turned

to us.

"I hardly know what to tell you first," she began reminiscently, "but I guess the funniest thing was Hallie Ann's Christmas sale. We all know Hallie Ann never was overly bright, and since she's left alone with nothing much but a house, she's worse than ever. It seems that somebody said in her hearing, along last winter, that it was a pity there wasn't an exchange for misfit Christmas gifts. She treasured up the idea, and about Thanksgiving time she began talking it to all the friends and relations. You know she always has a fancy-work sale at that time, and she told each of us privately that we might bring in anything we had no use for, and she'd sell it on commission.

"I reckon, after all, we are bigger fools than Hallie Ann, for we thought that—she living on the opposite side of town—nobody'd recognize the things we sent. Did I, you say? To be sure I did. Sent clear home for that pair of handpainted china vases second-cousin Annabelle White gave me two years ago. I thought that since there'd been one somebody with poor enough taste to paint 'em and another to buy 'em, maybe there was one more that would like them. And I planned to give the money to the Children's Home!

"I suppose the rest felt just as I did; and perhaps they were salving their sense of what was proper by contributing the money to some good cause, as I was. Anyway, the sale was to open at two o'clock, and when I got there at 1:20—feeling free to go early because Hallie Ann's first husband was my nephew-there sat a whole row of relations in the hall. Hallie Ann took me right up to her room where she was dressing and told me all about it. She was worried half to death for fear there was going to be hard feelings, for most of the folks down there had brought things that others that were there had given them. And she wouldn't let one of em so much as peep into the parlors before two o'clock, because it wouldn't be fair to those that came just on time.

"I'd seen Annabelle White in the hall, so I sneaked down the back stairs while Hallie Ann was curling her hair, and got my vases and hid 'em in the pantry. When I got back, Hallie Ann hadn't missed me but was talking right on telling her troubles, and I answered kind of careful for fear she'd mistrust I hadn't

heard all of 'em.

"The doorbell kept ringing, and when we went downstairs the hall was so crowded you could hardly breathe, and more than half was family connections Hallie Ann's oldest boy had rigged up one of those new fangled concerns on the portières that when you pull a tassel the curtains slide back just like winking your eye. She put me at one side and she took the other, and when the clock struck two, we pulled.

"My word! I never saw such a lot of new rubbish in all my days! I'd been so excited finding my hand-painted vases the first time that I hadn't sensed it. I reckon there hadn't been such a clearing out of junk since the Big Fire. But in a minute I forgot all about the things in

watching the people.

"I suppose every woman had come hoping to find Christmas bargains. I own I had. Most gifts are pretty enough, you know, if they only fit the one that gets them. The trouble's most unsuitableness, like when John's wife sent me-that's got twice the hair she has this minute -a dream of a cap in lavender ribbon and real lace and sister Alicia-that's been in an invalid chair for five years and worn caps for ten-a seal-leather bag! We traded. And when they came on to visit the next summer, John's wife thought she'd made a mistake in directing the parcels and told me how sorry she was. I never told her how the 'mistake' happened. It didn't seem necessary.

"But to come back to the sale. You never in all your born days saw such a surprised lot of people as we were. You see, each of us was sure that the gifts she had chosen were so handsome and so appropriate that no one could possibly be willing to dispose of them. And every mother's daughter of us had secretly wondered all our lives why other people didn't put time and thought into selecting suitable presents, as we did, instead of just picking up the first thing

that came to hand.

"What of the women who didn't belong to the family, you say? Oh, they were having the time of their lives"—the slang phrase slipped trippingly from Aunt Mehitabel's lips—"picking up bargains, and keeping Hallie Ann and the

girls she had in to help busy making change and wrapping up things, for there were some handsome bargains and no mistake.

"But the family! It was hard on our feelings and illuminating to our understanding. While I was watching Annabelle White grow fairly green with rage as she examined the hand-painted-china clock she had given her husband's mother, my eye fell on the morocco bound Thackeray I gave her the same year. For a minute I saw red; and didn't I wish then I'd left her vases beside the clock!

"Then I remembered how virtuous I had felt as I selected that set for her—it cost more than I could well afford—and how satisfied I was because now she'd have something on her shelves that wasn't trash. It came over me in a flash that I'd been in the habit of expecting folks to like things just because I did, though all the time I truly wanted to give them pleasure. And maybe Anna-

belle felt the same.

"I walked right over to her, and while we examined a green and orange cushion that Mabel Wells gave Florence Godfrey, when she ought to have remembered that Florence's one room was fitted in pale blue, and that besides, there were cushions six deep in every available spot, I told Annabelle how that very morning her mother-in-law had been wishing for a certain set of embroidered linens for her best bedroom. Annabelle was so relieved she forgot to be mad about the clock. She made me promise to go downtown with her to make sure she got the right one, and on the way I found out that she didn't think the clock and vases were so very pretty, either, but she bought them of a little cripple that painted them for a living.

"Sarah Jane Jarvis, who prides herself on always giving 'useful' presents found four of the six chamois chest-protectors she'd given the Brady and Farley nieces last year. She didn't know which of the six to be mad at, and she was so pleased to find that two were sensible that she's afraid to be hateful to any of them for fear of making a mistake.

"There were lots of things on the 'useful' table, though some of 'em Hallic

Ann had just made. I've come to the conclusion that things are useful only as they fulfill some need or desire of the one who receives them, whether that thing be a flannel petticoat, or a book, or a diamond ring.

"There were six pairs of bed-slippers that different ones had given Aunt Sophronia last Christmas, when the dear soul was really longing for a new pin cushion and some dainty linen pieces for her table. What's that, Phoebe Ellen? Did she need them? Well of all the silly questions! Not even your washerwoman expects 'must-haves' for Christmas! And she certainly didn't need six pairs of bedslippers, especially as she sleeps in a steam-heated room.

"When I'd recovered from the first shock, I poked around enjoying other folks' surprises. There weren't any men there, but their wives had sent some of their things. There was one big table with nothing else on it; slippers, impossible neckties, worse cigars, and all the abominations we women inflict on our men folk. At one end stood the smoking set of Uncle Iared White, who never smokes; the shaving set his nieces sent uncle Jimmy Jarvis, who wears a full beard, and the cut-glass decanter and glasses his widowed daughter-in-law out West sent Malcom Brady, who's voted the prohibition ticket ever since there was

"Annabelle White, Sarah Jane Jarvis and I met before that table. We were all of us more or less upset by finding that our friends hadn't always appreciated our offerings, however much they might have appreciated the affection that prompted them. Sarah Jane, truth to tell, was angry, and the three absurdities on the table were as fuel to a flame.

"'Look at them!' she snapped; 'would anybody with a grain of sense send such things to old men like James and Jared and Malcolm even if they drank and smoked and shaved-which they don't? Some people are born fools and never get over it.'

"'Oh, I don't know,' I said. 'It's about as sensible as sending chest-protectors to healthy young girls, and kitchen-aprons to them that are boarding, or sets of Thackeray to folks that prefer the six best sellers.'

"At that Annabelle knew I'd seen the books. 'Or painted vases to those that admire bronze and cloisonné,' she put in. 'And, Aunt Mehitabel,' she whispered, 'wont you please put those vases back on the table? Hallie Ann is looking everywhere for them, and I knew from the description they were yours. I'd feel happier if you would.'

"That completely took my breath away, but I saw she meant it, so I ran to the pantry and brought them out. And when I came back she told me that, though she never could read Thackeray, she wouldn't have parted with the books only that she wanted more money for the Children's Home, and somebody else wanted to improve her mind that same Christmas and gave her a set just like mine, with her name written in every volume. I was pleased as Punch to think I'd had sense enough not to write in mine.

"Well, the upshot of the matter was that most of us bought the stuff we'd bought in the first place, if some stranger hadn't already snapped it up. My Thackeray went to a little teacher that I'd heard wishing she could afford a set. Sarah Jane Jarvis sent the chest-protectors to an old ladies' home, and Sophronia added the bed-slippers. The matron said, afterwards, the old ladies were so grateful they almost cried.

"Nearly every thing was sold, and Hallie Ann did real well, getting a commission, so. She was worried most to pieces for fear folks would blame her. Some few did, but the majority of our family are blessed with good common sense, and when we'd thought it over we knew we'd rather our gifts went where they'd make some one happier. The ones we'd given them to had had the pleasure of being remembered, any-

"Yes, the shaving and smoking things were sold, but we are temperance folks, you know, so no one wanted the liquor set. Finally Sarah Jane said she'd use the glasses for water if I'd take the bottle, and it's on my bureau now, filled with witch-hazel.

"Did it make any difference this Christmas? Well, you'd have thought so if you'd seen how pleased folks were. A good many of them consulted me because I was visiting 'round, and it's surprising how many things I could tell just by keeping my eyes and ears open. And when we didn't know any special thing, we just sat down and studied out what they had or hadn't, and planned something that, at the worst, wouldn't

be in the way.

"Aunt Sophronia got a complete set of doilies for her mahogany dining-table, new cushions and fancy things for all over the house, a pearl lace-pin and boxes and boxes of flowers. She's so pleased she's been giving little parties ever since, just to show her things. Yes, of course, Phoebe Ellen, she's plenty of money and might have bought 'em herself, but what fun is there in that for an old woman like Sophronia? Most of the pleasure of having pretty things after you get past early youth is in knowing that somebody loves you enough to give time and thought to choosing them for you.

"Florence Godfrey, who lives in one room and teaches school for a living, got material for a pretty evening-gown and an order on the dressmaker for making and trimming. I went shopping with Sarah Jane Jarvis and persuaded her that pretty things that folks liked were 'usefuller' than 'everydayities' that they'd buy for themselves if need were. And I found that Annabelle White wanted one of those wretched little gilt chairs for her parlor. I hated it worst of anything I ever bought, but it was Annabelle's

Christmas present, not mine.

"Me? Well, you know John and the girls always have been pretty thoughtful, and this year they were more so than usual, and I suspicioned they helped the rest plan. I'm half ashamed to tell it, but for years I've been wanting some new blankets and an eider-down quilt for my bed. But it seemed so silly, with all the blankets and comfortables—nearly all as good as new—stored away

in the house, that I couldn't even let myself look at 'em.

"They found out somehow, and now I'm sleeping under the softest pink-bordered white blankets you ever saw, and the down quilt is covered in cream silk with pink roses all over it. And they're going to have my room done over to match; I picked the carpet and paper myself."

Aunt Mehitabel was silent for a while, and her delicate hands moved as if she were even now caressing the thought-filled, love-sweet gifts of her

children and friends.

Presently she spoke again.

"And the best of it is, we've all agreed that if mistakes are made—and there will be, no matter how careful we are—and any of us receive gifts we can't enjoy using or keeping, we'll just appreciate the love that came with 'em, and at the very first opportunity, without feeling mean or ashamed, pass them on to some one who will find them appropriate and useful.

"We're not going to go straight to the giver and say that it was a misfit, but on the other hand, we're not going to feel obliged to lie, for we've each agreed not to be offended over our gifts being

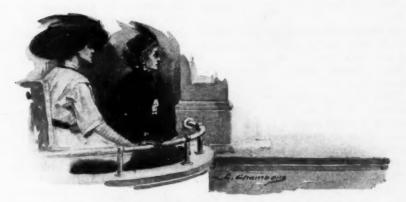
passed on.

"I told you in the first place that Hallie Ann wasn't very bright, and I'm free to confess that it wasn't her fault we didn't have a first-class family disturbance. But, after all, I'm not sure but we owe her a vote of thanks and a loving-cup—or its equivalent. If it hadn't been for her, I'd probably have given Annabelle a volume or two of Ibsen this time, and she confessed that she'd ordered a painted fern-dish for me."

The logs on the hearth had burned to embers. The bronze clock on the mantel chimed the hour of ten, and Phoebe Ellen and I rose to go. Aunt Sophronia

followed us to the door.

"I guess, on the whole, that sale was about the best job Hallie Ann ever put through," she remarked musingly, as she closed the door behind us.



They were seated in a box of a theater

The Snows of Yester-Year

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

Author of "Peter-Peter," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

EVELYN CRAVEN went down to breakfast with the acute remembrance that another anniversary had come. She was rather given to keeping secret and sentimental anniversaries with herself, all centering about one person. Five years ago, she would think, I first realized what a wonderful thing love could be in human lives, for I saw his photograph then. Three years ago to-day I met him for the first time. Two years ago yesterday he asked me to marry him; two years ago to-morrow he brought me the engagement ring. A year ago next month we parted forever.

The anniversary she was keeping this especial morning was the one commemorating their first meeting. As she walked into the breakfast-room of the summer hotel, she saw not the two dozen tables, with a few scowling waiters attendant on late-comers; instead she saw herself and Walter Harden walking to meet each other along the elm-bordered path, a casual friend with each of them, ready to introduce the two casually. But what an introduction; the brown eyes sending

messages of comradeship to the blue ones.

Dear, dear, Evelyn had wanted to breakfast alone this morning, and brood over that meeting, so poignant with the consequent experience of the bitter parting. But if any one had to be with her, she would certainly prefer Mrs. Caxton.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Caxton," she sighed, as she sank into her chair. "It is so odd for you to be breakfasting so late as this."

Mrs. Caxton was a quiet, gentle little lady, to whom Evelyn had been attracted from the first because she did not try to take anything from her years. It was such a relief to see a woman who was frankly growing old, who showed by parted gray hair and sober colors, and an uncompromising widow's bonnet, that forty-eight was forty-eight, and not thirty-two. Then Evelyn was sorry for Mrs. Caxton, who had just seen her two children married, and who must be feeling lonely.

"I hope," Evelyn said softly, "that you are not worrying about your daughters. A sea voyage is nothing for brides;

they are too happy to be seasick, and you see now you have four children instead of two."

No matter how commonplace Evelyn's remarks were, her sympathetic blue eyes and soft voice redeemed them.

Mrs. Caxton smiled affectionately across at her.

"I did not sleep much last night," she confessed, "but I am afraid I was not thinking so much about my daughters as about old times. That piece you read me yesterday afternoon-it is a dreadfully discouraging poem, Miss Craven."

Evelyn had read several poems, but she knew at once the one Mrs. Caxton meant, for it was always a part of her anniversary-keeping-that old lament of François Villon, lived and written four

hundred and fifty years ago:

" 'And where are the snows of yesteryear,' " she murmured,

Tell me now in what hidden way is Lady Flora the lovely Roman? Where s Hipparchia and where is Thais,

Neither of them the fairer woman? Where is Echo, beheld of no man, Only heard on river and mere.

She whose beauty was more than human?

But where are the snows of yesteryear?

, never ask this week, fair lord, Where they are gone, nor yet this year,

Except with this for an overword,-But where are the snows of yester-year?"

"I suppose one can't bring it backyester-year," said Mrs. Caxton wistfully. "Now that the girls are gone I don't seem to have anything to do but wish for my youth."

"One could bring back appearances, of course," suggested Evelyn.

"Oh, you mean I could puff out my white locks; I know the dear things would be glad to curl again to make up for the long years that they were parted in brown sleekness; and I could wear some of the pink and blue linen things my girls have left behind-"

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Evelyn, softly. "I was thinking of-well, of other years, other people. You can't bring back an old friend just as he was; no old

incident can happen over again in just the same way. You might go walking with a friend along the same elm-bordered path-I mean you might go walking with a friend, yet you wouldn't be the same people; you couldn't express your thoughts in the old way-feel the same."

"No, no, I suppose not," said Mrs. Caxton, softly. "No, you may rejuvenate yourself perhaps, but you can't bring back old times, old friends, old loves."

A waiter shuffled impatiently behind their chairs, and they looked up, to see the dining-room deserted.

"Let us go out on the veranda," suggested Mrs. Caxton, "and rock and fan with the others."

"I will help you choose your chair," said Evelyn, "but I must go into the city to buy a new hat."

Her remark sent her thoughts miles

away from Mrs. Caxton.

Walter Harden had always said her taste in hats was wonderful. Oh, well, if only she could bring back the snows of vester-year where he was concerned, how wise, how wise she would be, in the light of what she had learned since they had parted! She would never again show her excessive joy at a compliment from him; never again would she let him see in a hundred ways how she missed him when he was gone, welcomed him when he came. Never again would she give him cause to think she loved him better than he loved her. Oh, she knew now, when it was too late, how to make a man value a woman - now when she could never, never bring back the snows of yester-

"I wish I might go with you," suggested Mrs. Caxton. "I always liked to help my girls choose their gay things."

"Oh, will you?" said Evelyn. "That would be nice, Mrs. Caxton. Don't you think we had better take the 10:10 train? Then we shall surely have bought the hat by luncheon, and we shall go to some cool place, where they have music. Come along, we'll just have time to get ready."

It was a busy morning for Evelyn, and such an interesting one that she only re-



membered Walter Harden and her anniversary seven or eight times in the course of trying on thirty or forty hats. Then she and Mrs. Caxton had a slow luncheon in a shaded lovely room. Evelyn looked affectionately at the sober, wistful face opposite her. It must be very sad indeed to be a widow with married children. She thought it would be a very sweet way of keeping her anniversary if she devoted the rest of the day to Mrs. Caxton.

She considered the matinee; no, that wouldn't do; it was too gay and might remind Mrs. Caxton of her daughters or of her youth that had fled. The play might even have in it some old disappointed person giving young people ad-

vice from the vales of her bitter experience. But Mrs. Caxton cared for politics. Evelyn had heard her discussing national questions with her sons-in-law. The girl had noticed the day before that a senator from a Western state, noted for his splendid oratory, was going to make a speech that was expected to throw important light on a certain presidential candidate. Why should they not hear that?

"You must give yourself to me for the afternoon," Evelyn said. "Now, don't ask me what I am going to do with you. It is a surprise. I shall have to go to the telephone to arrange it."

Evelyn had influence, and she alluringly demanded two seats from a political friend, not knowing that she might

just as well have asked for two diamonds or two Paris gowns. The seats were promised, and Evelyn went back dimpling to Mrs. Caxton.

"Come along, dear lady. It may be vaudeville, or a dressmakers' convention, or a pure food talk-but it isn't."

In half an hour they were seated in the box of a theater packed with men, black-coated or coatless, foreigners and natives, all eager to hear Senator Daily, who would reveal the views of the West upon a much advertised man. A few women were scattered through the house, while the other boxes were occupied by prominent Eastern politicians and their women folk.

Evelyn did not glance about her until she had seated Mrs. Caxton and caught her wondering glance at the stage, occupied by semi-circled rows of chairs filled with men, and a table with the inevitable pitcher and glass. When she did glance up her eyes met the eyes of a man opposite her. She managed to glance away indifferently, but she turned so white that Mrs. Caxton asked with apprehension:

"What is it? Are you going to faint? It is close in here."

"No, oh, no," said Evelyn, "I am quite well. Now have you guessed what this is yet?"

"I have not had time yet," said Mrs.

A wild clapping and cheering broke into her words as the mayor of the city appeared upon the platform, followed by a tall, broad man, with a splendid silvered head, and dark electric eyes that raced over the audience as if they were magnets to draw his hearers to him before he should speak a word.

Evelyn turned to Mrs. Caxton.

"He is splendid, isn't he? He is Senator Daily. That is my surprise."

Mrs. Caxton drooped in her seat. She turned away her face from the stage.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she murmured, "I never dreamed he was the one."

"What did you say?" asked Evelyn. "Do you know him?"

"I did, years ago-the snows of yester-year. His hair is white, too. It makes the whole world old and tired."

Evelyn looked into the little spiritless face.

"Do forgive me," she said. "We'll go, if you like.

Mrs. Caxton shrank back in the box. "No, no, I want to hear him. It is twenty-eight years since I heard his voice.

Evelyn looked at her curiously. Her reticence and calmness were all gone. She was just a little sorrowful heart, grieving over some old pain. Evelyn glanced back at Walter Harden, and he was looking at her as if his eyes had never left her face.

The mayor introduced Senator Daily, and tactfully made his own remarks short. Then the Senator rose. At his first sentence, when the Irish part of the audience caught the little burr in his speech, they stopped him with their applause. As he went on, the reasonableness, the irony and the good sense with which he tempered his utterances appealed to the colder part of his hearers. He went on and on, carrying the whole hall with him. By degrees Mrs. Caxton came nearer and nearer the front of the box. Her color rose, her eyes sparkled. When Senator Daily reached the name of his candidate she was fairly bending towards him.

While the audience was applauding the name, the Senator turned his head slightly, and saw Mrs. Caxton. For a moment they stared at each other, and she sank back guiltily in the box. The Senator faltered, and for the moment forgot the thread of his speech. He spoke a few sentences haltingly; he was losing hold of the audience, when suddenly he turned towards Mrs. Caxton, and, as both women saw with a gasp, directed his remarks straight to her, and then his golden periods came back.

"He recognized her," thought Evelyn. "But, of course, he would when she faltered under his gaze that way, as if she

had stolen something."

The publicity the Senator was giving them was a little embarrassing. Many eyes were directed towards the box, even when the Senator had turned away. Evelyn had not forgotten Walter Harden in the box opposite, but she was deeply moved by the drama going on before her

eyes. What had been between those two? What had parted them? She was only half listening to the speech, but presently she started. What was the Senator

saying?

"There have been those who have said that it is as impossible to revive old American ideals, true Republican simplicity, true Democratic brotherhood, in our country, as it would be to bring back the snows of yester-year. But the snows of yester-year can come back; old hopes can be re-lived, old lives re-made, old ideals revitalized, and in this great country of ours—"

Mrs. Caxton had sought Evelyn's hand. Neither of the women heard the

rest of the speech.

"Oh," thought Evelyn, "I wonder, I wonder if they could come back. How differently I would act! But I suppose he is engaged to some one else, married, for all I know."

At the same moment Mrs. Caxton was wondering if the Senator were married. That he recognized her, she was sure; that some of his remarks were meant for her, she knew, but considering their past, were not those words to her ironically meant?

"Oh, let us go, let us go away," she said faintly, when the Senator sat down.

Evelyn rose with alacrity. A year ago she would have given Walter Harden a chance to join her. Now—he should see. Those snows of yester-year had taught her never to wait for him. Without a look towards his box, she hurried with Mrs. Caxton down the corridor and into the street. It was soothing to her pride to keep her anniversary by running away from Walter Harden—assuming that he would care to follow her, as, of course, he would not; married probably.

"You look tired to death," she said to Mrs. Caxton. "Come, you must have

some tea.'

She beckoned to a cab, and they were driven to her favorite tea-room. Mrs. Caxton sat at the table with downcast

"You are sure to have a man love you some day," she said to Evelyn at last. "If you do, never let anything come between you."

"Oh, tell me about it," begged Evelyn, "my own heart is sad, and it would

comfort me to hear."

"Twenty-eight years ago," said Mrs. Caxton, "he sailed away to this country to make his fortune. He had not a shilling, nor had I, but he took my love and promise with him. And then I did not receive any letter from him-not a word. I waited and suffered, grew angry and proud, and then five years after I married Mr. Caxton, I liked him and he had waited a long time. When the babies were little, and she was sure I was happy, my sister confessed to me that she had intercepted our letters: all Tom wrote me, all I wrote him. Tom was poor, you see, and they didn't believe he would get on, and I suppose they did it because they loved me. But they loved me in their way and not in my way."

"But you—you had stopped caring?" asked Evelyn. "People 'do stop caring

after a while, I hope."

"It was a very queer feeling," said Mrs. Caxton. "Of course I was fond of my husband, but after my sister told me that, I felt like a different person—as if I had been robbed of youth, as if—oli, I can't tell you. I don't know why it was I could be fond of one man, loyal to him, devoted to his children, and yet give a kind of loyalty to that other man. I persuaded Mr. Caxton to emigrate, just so I could be in a new place, where I should not be reminded of Tom, and I have been happy, but very old, very old. I have had no real life of my own."

"And you never wondered if your Tom Daily was Senator Daily?" asked Evelyn.

"Somehow," said Mrs. Caxton, slowly, "I thought Tom was dead. I felt that he must be, or he would have come back, if he had to battle its way over in a row-boat."

"Ah, yes," said Evelyn, "he must have

loved you very much."

They were just about to leave the tearoom when Mrs. Caxton glanced towards the door, and sat down with a gasp. Evelyn's knees trembled, but she managed to keep upright. Walter Harden and Senator Daily were coming towards them.

"Mary! It is Mary. You have not changed. It must be yourself," said Sena-



"You have changed, Evelyn," he said

tor Daily, with the little burr Mrs. Caxton had loved.

"How do you do, Mr. Harden," said Evelyn, pleasantly. "How interesting that you should have come here with Senator Daily."

"I am his secretary," said Harden, stiffly. "He asked me to run after Mrs. Caxton and see where she went. I was rather sure you would make for just this tea-shop."

"You have a good memory," said Evelyn.

She was going to add, "you always had," but it occurred to her that it would be more impersonal to ignore the past, especially ir the atmosphere Mrs. Caxton and Senator Daily were creating.

The Senator was presented to Evelyn, and Mr. Harden to Mrs. Caxton.

"Ring for fresh tea, Evelyn," said Mrs. Caxton, brightly, "unless," she added, daringly, to the Senator, "you would rather come out and dine with me, you and Mr. Harden; can't you?"

The Senator thought they could, though it meant being late at an important banquet. Mrs. Caxton went off in a flutter with Evelyn. She smiled and sighed all the way out on the train, and said very little about the Senator or herself.

"This Mr. Harden," she asked, "is he a friend of yours?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Evelyn, "not a friend. I just knew him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Caxton. "I—I hope you don't mind having him to dinner. I rather depend on you to—"

"Certainly," said Evelyn, politely, "and afterwards if I should be bored, I can easily introduce him to one of the other girls in the hotel."

"I—I—have you a curling iron?" asked Mrs. Caxton, when they arrived at the hotel and were separating at her door. She blushed deeply, and added, "I feel as if—"

"Why shouldn't you throw off a couple of decades?" asked Evelyn. "I'll come in and dress your hair for you, and if I were you I would wear that lovely India linen your daughter left behind."

"Then you don't think I am silly to want to—" hesitated Mrs. Caxton.

"No, no; perhaps the snows of yesteryear can come back to some people."

That dinner cost Evelyn a great deal of self-control, and pain, and yet she was triumphant, too. Mrs. Caxton looked beautiful, young and gay again, and Senator Daily showed by his eyes and his voice that he made nothing of the years that had elapsed since they had parted. Evelyn melted to him and Mrs. Caxton, and then showed a cool, calm surface to Walter Harden. She admirably conveyed to him by her manner that sentiment had no part in her own life, but that it gave her an indulgent motherly feeling to watch these "oldsters" winning back the years that had gone. She put all her energy into the part she was playing, and allowed no guesses as to what he was feeling. She had really planned to hand him over to some other girl after dinner, but when Senator Daily suggested that they all four stroll down to the water side, she felt sure enough of herself to consent.

Just for a moment she felt a thrill of the old tender happiness at walking beside that tall, well-knit figure, with the little deferential bend of the head that she had so loved. Then she sternly crushed down the feeling and talked about impersonal matters.

As she grew more and more to have control of the situation she felt a growing comfort. Walter didn't like what they were talking of; his eyes were gloomy. He didn't want to be asked questions about the Senator; he wanted to talk of himself. He was not interested in what she thought of certain new civic movements; he wanted to know what she felt.

"I knew it," thought Evelyn, triumphantly. "The girl who withholds a little, who is sweet but rather cold, is the one who holds a man best."

It was then that the Senator and Mrs. Caxton caught up to them, and the Senator said reluctantly:

"I must go. I shall be late to the banquet as it is, but you need not hurry, Harden."

Evelyn did not hear the reply, for Mrs. Caxton was clinging to her and murmuring:

"They have come back—the snows of yester-year. It is to be as it was; we are to begin again."

When Mrs. Caxton and the Senator turned back to the hotel, Harden still lingered with Evelyn.

"Oh, are you not going with Senator Daily?" she asked, pleansantly.

"No, I want to stay here. I want to talk to you."

"But we have been talking."

"We have been going through the motions, yes."

"Dear me, isn't all talk that unless it gets personal—and that is so disagreeable."

"You have changed, Evelyn," he said in a low tone.

"Now isn't that remark personal?"

"Perhaps. I wanted to tell you that I have changed, too, But I am not sure that the changed me will suit the changed you."

Evelyn felt that she should have made some calm, superior, mature remark, but she could not think of anything to say.

"I didn't value you as I should," went on Harden, "because you were too good to me. Perhaps, as you told me once, I was too sure of you. I don't know. I fancy it was because I didn't know how much I was getting; I thought all girls were as rare, as loving as you. And then I forgot that engagement I had with you, and we quarreled and parted. I went West."

"I didn't know where you went," said Evelyn inanely.

"I've had bad luck this year, and then good luck; failure and success, and somehow I have learned a lot about life. The more I learned, the more I appreciated you, and the more I felt I couldn't come back. I was too ashamed, for one thing, and too sure some other man would have won you, for I began to feel that every reputable citizen ought to want to marry you."

Evelyn essayed a faint smile, but Hardén's face was grave.

"And to-day, when the dear, frank old Senator and I were motoring down here, he told me all about his old love for Mrs. Caxton, and how it had not died, and how a fellow often can go back and live things over, only live them more wisely. I love you more than ever, and I know how to be good to you—but you have changed."

"No, no, I haven't, Walter dearest," sobbed Evelyn. "I love you more, more than ever."

Then she gave a choking gasp. Where was all she had learned? Where was the withholding experience had taught her?

"Oh, dear," she murmured, "I begin to think that the worst of it is that when the snows of yester-year do come back, they come back just exactly as they were."

"What do you say?" he asked, his arms about her. "But what does it matter what you say, as long as you love me."





There was a startling report as of a pistol shot

The Lady and the Quinine Quartet

BY RUPERT HUGHES

Author of "The Bridge," "My Boy," etc

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

T was a pretty spot, as pretty spots go. That is, it was a pretty spot for those who cared to stay. It was what they call a Nook in the Woods. On one side of the road there was a nice rail fence for lovers to drape on and imagine themselves Gibsonian; and on the other side of the road was another nice rail fence equally available. The sunsets would undoubtedly be very pleasing from here to those who were going in for sunsets. And those of sentimental ear could harken the liquid dove-cooing music of a brook that traipsed surreptitiously among the underbrush off the road in the dusk of the woods.

But scenery is as you take it—or leave it. A gentleman caught on a rock at the edge of Niagara would be but little engaged by the æsthetic sublimity of the big spill. And this cozy corner of the forest had charms which would appeal only to the leisurely who wanted to linger. To those who were hungry and in a hurry, it had only the most fleeting charm.

The first the Nook in the Woods knew of these would-be transients was the distant rumor of a college glee, punctuated, with much syncopation, by a mellow Gabriel horn. One could tell by the way the driver honked his horn at every possible opportunity, that he was as new to the craft as his car was new to the roads.

He was a college alumnus of such re-

cent date that he still spoke of his "Alma Mater" with the Italian "a," as in "father," and still knew a number of the undergraduates. When, then, the Glee Club came touring to his town, he invited four of his best remembered friends to his home for the night, and offered to take them on to the next town in his car. This was welcomed as a relief from the train travel and received as a reason for

gratitude.

The four men happened to possess voices of the four calibers, and they formed a quartet of unflagging enthusiasm. Their host, Otto Newton, of the class just pushed out of college, found their strains dulcet for several hours. But after he had heard them declare in four part harmonies that "He held her hand; she held his hat; I held my breath and lay quite flat" for the two hundred and thirty-sixth time, he began to wish that they wouldn't. He understood why "strains" were so called, and he wondered what even an Arabian host would have done with four such guests. Guests are often more easily put up, than put up with.

All that night and all the next day the singers were at it. They christened themselves the Quinine Quartet and felt that further apology was unnecessary. When, by chance, quiet supervened, one of the four was sure to strike up "Beneath a shady tree they sat," and the others would fall in with the rest of the lay. They sang from adjoining rooms; they sang at the table; they sang on the piazza; they sang from lawn to window. When they were not singing they were talking in four-part chords, or in dialogue in which each spoke high or low, or middling, as his voice required. It was great fun for the Quartet, who had the long distance enthusiasm of collegians for a new game. But their host longed for a padded cell.

Fearing that the neighbors would invoke the Board of Health, he determined to make an early start for the town of Dover, which had two attractions for him: first, that it would relieve him of the Quartet; and second, that it would enable him, he trusted, to meet a certain person, who, he hoped, would find his

new car vastly becoming to him—and to her.

The automobile made a slow and uncertain Anabasis, for, in the first place, Newton's bump of locality was a dimple, and he kept taking the wrong road; in the second place, the incessant choiring of the Quartet got on his nerves so that he was forever putting on the brake or shutting off the power when he meant to change his speed. And in the third place, he was suffering an acute attack of motor fright. He never threw on the third speed except by accident, when he meant to turn a corner or coast a hill.

His embarrassment was not long kept secret from the Quinine Quartet, and he was soon christened "Young Man Afraid of His Car" by the huge fat hippopotamus from whose bulk issued that strange mock-soprano known as a counter-tenor. This overgrown Cupid was called "Billiken," for reasons that were evident on the face of him as well as the rest of him.

It had pleased the Quininers to label the tenor Highbawl, and the first bass Grin and Baritone, or the Growler for short. The second bass was dubbed the Old Sexton.

They had an undergraduate sense of humor, in which boisterousness stood for inspiration and violence for finesse.

With such a cargo and one gentleman chauffeur the automobile moved like a whooping calliope along an erratic course towards Dover, until it reached the Nook in the Woods.

And then something happened. The Quartet had ceased to render the hatsong for the time being and was hilariously chanting.

"Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,

Merrily we roll along-"

There was a startling report as of a pistol shot. Something told Newton that a tire was punctured and he set the brakes without troubling to shut off the power. There was a ragged clatter, and in a panic he began to turn and pull everything he could lay hands on.

The car came to a tremulous stop and the song petered out in a miserable,

"Merrily we don't roll along."

Then another and a louder explosion

shivered the outraged machinery and the Quartet swarmed overboard in four different scrambles, all awkward. While Newton sat in a spasm of that bewildered rage which only the drivers of a balky car can understand, the Quartet stood off at a safe distance and chanted:

"Take he back to home and mother."

Newton, with a bad attack of chauffeur's chagrin, kept trying all the things he could remember from his course of

lessons. Nothing worked.

The Quartet reassembled, brushed the dust off its various parts, and then led by Billiken as at a football game began a rooters' chorus:

"What's the matter? What's the matter? Mister tell us what's the matter?"

The situation was so dismal to Newton that he simply answered:

"The blamed thing has stopped."
The Quartet looked from one to another and exclaimed:

"Not really!"

"I want to know."
"Do tell," and

"Quit your kidding."

Newton wormed out of his seat and got to the ground.

"Yes, she's stopped," he said, with the solemnity of a sage.

"Why don't you start her?" moaned the Old Sexton in a damp, dank tone.

"I'm going to in a minute," said Newton, knowing he was lying.

He looked the big sphinx over and under, as if trying to find an ear somewhere to question.

"Ask it to put out its tongue," sug-

gested Grin and Baritone.

"Looks to me as if the gazingus didn't gazing," said Highbawl, while Billiken's advice was,

"Better telephone Dr. Bunyon."

But Newton's frown grew only the knottier.

Again the Quartet sought to comfort him with its "What's the matter? what's the matter? Mister, tell us what's the matter?"

"How can I tell," growled Newton, "till I look it up in the little book I always carry?"

"Entitled?--" queried Billiken, and Highbawl answered: "When the auto ought to? eh, Otto?" Newton searched glumly in an upper

Newton searched glumly in an upper waistcoat pocket. It was not there. He tried the other; the two lowers; all his coat-pockets, his four trousers-pockets. He looked under the cushions and in their pockets, and he rummaged the toolbox while the Collegians nagged him with:

"Hurry up-"

"Or we'll be late-"

"To our dinner-"

"Not to mention our concert."

At last Newton groaned:

"Great Scott, I've left the book at home!"

And the odious Quartet mocked him in harmonious echo:

"Great Scott, he has left the book at home."

"In his other clothes," squealed Billiken.

"Or on the piano," Highbawl suggested.

"If not under the bed," growled the Old Sexton, as if his own voice had crawled there.

Newton was too much troubled by his major problems to be vexed by the four gadflies. He moved about, peering and stooping, poking and prying. After every experiment he would go back to the crank and try to turn it, but, in place of that merry whir that it should have set asimmer, there came always only a stubborn snap.

The Quartet got in his way mentally and physically but he brushed them aside. From the tool-box he lifted a huge monkey-wrench and took out the carburetor with as much anxiety as a young surgeon extracting his first appendix.

With merely a vague notion that something ought to be changed, he gave the carburetor a few twists with the cumbrous wrench. It fell apart and he almost swooned with remorse at his deed.

His grief was so sincere that even the Quinine Quartet respected it and turned away to inspect the landscape.

"It's a beautiful spot to spend one's fair young life," sighed Billiken.

"A very fine article of sunset we're showing this evening."

"Hark, oh hark, I hear the murmur of

a gentle brooklet. As the poet has said: 'Brooks may come and brooks may go, but men stay here forever.'"

In his minute circumspection of his car, Newton came upon the punctured tire of the rear wheel. Here was something that he could understand.

"Ah!" he observed with triumph.

"Ah?" inquired the four, and then: "A-ah!"

"For one thing the tire is punctured."
The Quartet broke forth into peals of

joy.
"The tire is punctured, the tire is punctured, the tire-ire-ire is punk-unk-unctured."

Here was one thing at least that Newton could prescribe for: "The first thing to do is to pump her up again. Here, lend a hand, you loafers."

He brought forth the pump and innocently affixing it to the old inner tube

called for volunteers.

"Man the pumps, the ship is sinking," cried Billiken, strolling away to listen to the brook.

The Quartet showed a becoming modesty, almost a bashfulness, in grasping at the honor of manning the pump, and it was necessary to draw lots. Tom was the victim, and he fell to work shoving wind into the punctured tube.

"You pump and I'll sing 'Yo-ho!"

said Billiken.

"And I'll grunt for you," said the Growler.

"And I'll do the perspiring," said

Highbawl.

Even with this division of labor there was no more progress than was to be expected from the idle vanity of pumping air through a hole.

At length the Sexton saluted:

"Sir, I have to report that the ship is still sinking."

Newton looked at the sickly flatness of the tire and decided that the trouble was due to his not having jacked up the rear wheel. With all the novice's joy in the doing of something he took a jack from the box and with the aid of the others eventually got the lame wheel up.

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"You're pinched," sniffed Molly. "I mean your inner tube is pinched"

"Now pump!" he commented laconically.

While the Sexton rose and fell with a grave-digger's cheer at his hopeless pneumatic task, the others gathered round their host with a certain amount of impatience. Even their skittishness had grown jaded.

"I thought you said you knew how to run a car?" said the Growler, almost with asperity.

"I thought I did," was Newton's meek

The Sexton called from the pump:

"How long—have you—had this—toy, anyway?"

With some uneasiness Newton confessed:

"I got it yesterday. This is my first run out of town."

"And you dared to bring us out here in the deep, dark, woods just for practice?" gasped Highbawl.

Newton felt their real anger under the burlesque and he blushed:

"I was as anxious to get over to Dover as you were."

"Oh, I see-what's her name?" said Highbawl.

"Do you remember Miss Molly Minton, the beauty I brought to the Junior

The Quartet nodded, and added:

"Also to the boat race?"
"Also to the football game?"

"Also to the baseball game?"
"Also to the basket-ball game?"

"That's the girl," said Newton, with enthusiasm. "Molly is mad about motors; they call her the Motormaniac. Well, she liked me very well, until she heard that I didn't know anything about automobiles. I couldn't tell a carburetor from a limousine. When she found that I didn't understand half she was saying, her affection cooled like a waterpipe in a cold snap. She said that she was mad because she caught me kissing a pretty cousin of mine."

"Naughty, naughty Otto," commented the Quartet.

Newton waved the soft impeachment aside.

"Not at all; I finally came to realize

that the real reason was my ignorance about automobiles. So I bought this beautiful car at a bargain—got it for a song."

"What was the name of the song?" asked Highbawl, but Newton ignored him.

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"Molly lives in Dover, you see, and I thought I would take the machine over and lay it at her feet."

"Why don't you wait till Christmas and put it in her stocking?" the Sexton roared.

"Looks as if we'd arrive there about Christmas."

"Or New Year's."

"Or Washington's birthday."
"Or the Fourth of July."

Newton was in no mood for flippancy. He went on with his sad reflections.

"Molly told me never to speak to her again, so I bought this car hoping it would speak for me."

"Honk! Honk!" said the Quartet.
"I even named it after her—see—"

(He pointed to the back of the car). "Molly. There it is, 'Molly."

"Molly isn't feeling well," said Billiken, and he sounded the horn. "Molly

has an awful cold."

The radiator looked interesting to Newton, and he thought he saw something in it with which he had not tampered yet. So he removed the cap. Instantly a jet of steam shot up in the air with a shrill shriek that scattered the entire force except the Old Sexton, who was trying to show a bulge in the tire before he forsook the pump.

The marooned guests and their hapless host stood off and waited. Newton

tossed his hands in despair.

"There's nothing to do," he declared, "but wait till somebody comes along and

gives us a lift."

"A horse, a horse, my Kingdom for a horse," cried Harry, and he mounted the forward part of the machine like a lookout in a crow's nest.

"Do you see anything?" said Billiken.

"Not a blamed thing."

"Look again, Sister Ann."

Now from the region of the pump came the sepulchral sigh of the Sexton, and he collapsed as if he were punctured. "Here, give somebody else a chance. I don't want to hog all the fun. Besides, I think that pump works backward. I bet it's a vacuum pump, for I've squeezed enough air in there to fill Count Zeppelin's balloon and—well, look at it."

"What you lack is muscle," said Billiken. "That's a man's work. Stand aside."

"Go as far as you like, Sandow," grinned the Sexton, and Billiken began, the result being more perspiration than inflation. He began to sing "Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night?"

Newton threw the monkey-wrench at

him.

Suddenly the gloom was pierced by a cry from Highbawl up aloft.

"Sail ho!"

"Whither away?"

"On the larboard bow, sir."

"Which one is that?"

"Down the road apiece. Thar she blows."

The three fainted on each other's shoulder blades, mutually supported like a stack of guns.

Newton plucked up hope enough to

"Does it look like a horse or a mule?"

"It looks like a girl."

Newton resumed his despair, but the others began to dust their hats, and shoes, and to set their handkerchiefs and scarves aright.

"Remember, I saw her first," said

Highbawl.

But the other pirates laughed him to scorn, all except Newton, who continued

to putter with the car.

At length she arrived. She was swinging along the road, never dreaming of an adventure. She had evidently been a-fishing. Even Sherlock Holmes could have told that, for she carried a disjointed rod and tackle, and a basket that looked lucky. From her stunning hat drooped a mosquito veil that hid the beauty which her trim figure and her trimmer carriage proclaimed.

Her skirts were rather short, but her boots were rather long. And she seemed just a bit tired, a bit belated, and over-

taken by fatigue.

The men had drawn themselves up in line, and when she saw them she drew herself up, too. There was nothing insolent or presuming in the attitude of the Quartet; they simply looked ready. If they were not forward, they were certainly not backward.

But the girl showed not the glimmer of attention. If her indifference had been less enthusiastic, she would have seemed not to know of their existence. And so she went past them like a cold wave, the temperature dropping with a thud in each of the four thermometers.

Newton paid no heed to her at all, but only to his machine, until a careless glance caught her as she passed him.

He stared, dropped his monkeywrench, and hurried after her.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, cap in hand. She did not answer till he repeated the words over her shoulder. Then she simply remarked, "Sir!"

"Isn't this you?" he urged. "This is me!"

Again her only comment was, "Sir!" He headed her off and insisted:

"Isn't this Molly-Miss Minton, I mean?"

She seemed to be a woman of less than a few words, for she simply moved on, threatening to walk through or over Newton as if he were not there.

He was disheartened, till he heard a faint choral "Ha ha! ha ha ha!" from the Quartet.

Then he pleaded,

"Don't turn me down before all the fellows, Molly."

Now she found a vocabulary, for she tossed her head, and demanded:

"How dare you speak to me?"

"But, Molly," he insisted, "she really was my cousin."

"So you told me," she answered, icily. "So you wrote me."

And she was for passing on, but again he intercepted her.

"It was true."

"Do you see any green in my eye?" she smiled sardonically. "Suppose she was your cousin; you didn't have to kiss her under the rose."

"I kissed her under the nose," said Newton, who was always serious, and then harshly, "Get out!" But this was for the Quartet which was advancing stealthily. "I didn't mean you, Molly. I meant the other fellows."

Molly deigned one thrust: "What are you doing here—on your way to call on another girl?"

"If I were calling on a girl," he begged, "do you suppose I'd have that gang along with me?" Molly only sniffed, and he added as a clincher, "I always came alone when I called on you."

"Indeed," she answered in a congealed and congealing tone. "The story doesn't interest me, Move on."

"But I can't, my automobile--"

"Your automobile?" There was a spark of interest in her voice. "When did you get an automobile?"

"Yesterday, Molly dear, and I got it for you. Honestly! And I was coming over to take you out. But it wont budge."

"What's the matter with it?" she asked, perking an interested ear.

"I haven't the faintest idea," he admitted, humbly enough. "I've only taken six lessons at the garage. That's the car. Don't you think she's pretty? She—it's a Melrose."

"Same make as mine," beamed Molly.
"That's why I got a Melrose," said artful Otto.

"So it's stopped, eh?"

He nodded.

"And you can't start it, eh?"

He shook his head.

Then a long pause. Then-

"Maybe I can help you."

"If you will," he cried, "I'll be yours for life."

"No, thank you."

"May I introduce the fellows? They're

old college chums."

"But what will they think of my being out here alone? You see, I was fishing and I didn't realize how late it was. Introduce me as Miss—Miss—er—call me Miss—er—Melrose."

"All right, the Lord bless you."

"Attention, gentlemen!"

The gentlemen were already at attention.

"I have the honor to present to you Miss Mary Mi—Mi—"

"Melrose, idiot."

"Melrose idiot. This is the Quinine

Quartet. There is the basement. I've forgotten his real name."

"Pleased to meet you," growled the Sexton, in his Rocked-in-the-Cradle-ofthe-Deepest tones.

"The ground floor."

"Very happy to make your acquaintance," mumbled Grin and Baritone.

"One flight up."

"Glad to know you," said Highbawl in an average voice.

"The attic."

"Delighted!" said the big Billiken, in his small voice.

And the Quartet, bowing as one, chanted:

"Thank you very kindly, we are very pleased to meet you, glad to know you, and delighted. Ah-men! Ah-men!"

"Miss Melrose is my cousin," said

Otto.

"Still another cousin?" ventured Highbawl, "or the same who caused your trouble with Molly?"

"Get back to the pump!" Newton thundered, and he obeyed gloomily, eye-

ing Molly admiringly.

Molly looked the car over in a manner that showed her to be a trained diagnostician.

"What seems to be the matter?"

"That's for you to say," said Otto, with cringing servility.

"What have you done?"

"I've pushed and pulled everything that would move, and unscrewed everything that wasn't welded on."

Molly turned her eye suddenly on Billiken, who began pumping for dear life. She broke forth in a mellow laugh.

"Why is he doing that?"

"To reduce his flesh," said Tom.

"Why, you're pinched!" sniffed Molly, and they all looked puzzled. "I mean, your inner tube is pinched."

Billiken placed his hand on his waist-

"I am hungry."

"Take off that shoe," stormed Molly. Billiken looked his amazement, but he stopped pumping and sat on the ground, started to unlace.

"Anything to oblige a lady."

"Stop it! I mean this," said Molly, laying her hand on the tire.

"Oh," said Otto brightening, "I remember they do call that a shoe, but how do you get it off?"

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"Here, take these," ordered Molly.

She tossed her fishing rod to Billiken, her basket to another, her gloves to another. They bowed and deposited them on the car. She worked busily getting the shoe off, found a new inner tube in the tool box, and put it in place, all the while whistling gayly and pushing the men aside as they tried to help her.

"Now put that shoe on again, and

pump like the dickens."

With much gauchery the men got the shoe back in place and the Sexton began to pump. The tire now filled rapidly with the heartening cheer of a spinnaker spreading.

Molly went to the front of the car, fol-

lowed by Billiken and Highbawl.
"Well, what else have you done to the

poor car?"
"First," said Otto, "I twisted these things on this."

"Aha!" said Molly.
"Aha?" asked Otto.

"How could you?" she gasped. "Why did you?"

"That's what I say. Why did I?"

"Why, you threw the vibrator right out of commission," she pouted.

"Did I?" he murmured, and then added in a private voice, as he laid his hand on his heart, "Well, you've thrown my vibrator out of commission."

"And you told me she was your cousin! Humph!" mumbled Molly, "where's

your monkey-wrench?"

"I threw it at the tenor."

"Go get it."
"The tenor?"

"No, the monkey-wrench."

Otto started in search of the imple-

While he was looking for it, Highbawl approached Molly admiringly, Billiken following close. Highbawl gave him a backward shove to a distance. Then taking off his hat, he came slowly to Molly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Melrose," he said, "but I love to watch you work. Would you mind wearing my fraternity

pin?

"Delighted," said Molly, to punish Otto. "What is your fraternity?"

"Iota Eta Pi."

"Did he? I mean, is it?" said Molly. "Why, that's my brother's fraternity."

"No!" Taking a gold symbol from his waistcoat he put it in her hand, now somewhat

unlilylike from oil and toil. "And I want to give you the secret sign. It's like this."

He put his thumb to his right ear and waggled his fingers.

"That's beautiful. Like this?" beamed Molly as she ear-waggled one hand.

"Glorious!" he chuckled, and was for saying much more, but Newton had returned, and thrust him aside with:

"Here's your monkey-wrench."

Highbawl stood at a distance and made the sign again. Molly echoed it with her hand. Otto looked at her in surprise, and she pretended to be fixing her hair. Then she took the wrench and set the screws in the radiator.

Newton bent down, pretending to aid

her in her task, and pleaded:

"You must trust me, really you must,

Molly dear."

"Miss Melrose, please! Can you ask me to trust a man who treats a poor little innocent automobile like this? What else did you do?"

"Well, I took out this-"

"The carburetor?"

"Is that the carburetor?"

"It was."

"Well, I took carby apart and when I put him together again, these two parts were left over."

He picked the pieces from the dust and placed them in her grimy, graceful hand.

"Well, you oughtn't to be allowed out after dark," she sneered.

"Right you are," put in Billiken, who

had edged close.

"Why, you've put your carburetor out of adjustment," Molly explained; "omitted the valve and reversed the float."

"Have I really?" said Otto, almost proud of such profound malpractice.

"You ought to run a baby-carriage," she said in disgust. "Get far away while I mend this."

Otto retired to a distance in shame, and while Molly worked, Billiken stood close by and murmured confidentially in her nearer ear:

"You're a wonder, Miss Melrose. Would you honor me by wearing my fraternity pin?"

"Why certainly. What is it?"

"Phi, Phi, Phi!"

"It's almost like swearing, isn't it? Do you know that's my brother's fraternity?"

"Really? Isn't that fascinating?" stammered Billiken, making haste to disengage his pin, which she stuck in her waist. "And you must know the secret sign. It's like this."

He put his thumbs on the top of his head like long ears and flapped his

hands.

"Don't forget."

Newton hurried back to push him away jealously. Molly went to the dash and moved the switch just as Otto laid his hand on the sparking plug. There was a buzz and a spark and he jumped in the air. She ran to him hastily.

"What are you doing now?"

"I simply touched this thing and it bit me."

"Don't you know enough to let the sparking plug alone? You've bent the wires, too."

She straightened them in such haste that her hair was loosened and an alien curl hung low.

"You ought to have thrown off your

switch," she complained.

"The lady is throwing off her own switch in her excitement," the Sexton whispered to the Growler.

"Where's your cap?" was Molly's next demand.

Newton doffed his headgear gallantly. "Here you are."

Molly knocked it flying.

"The cap for the radiator, I mean."

"This?"

"That." She snatched it from him and screwed it on. "Why did you take it off, anyway?"

"I just wanted to see what happened."

"What happened? Vesuvius?" "Siss—boom—ah!"

"Princeton! Say who let you take this car out anyway?"



He pleaded under his breath, "I may not know much about motors, but I love you, Molly?"

"Cut it out," she sniffed. "Cousin—humph. Go on and crank up."

As Newton hastened to the prow of the car, the Sexton slipped into his place at Molly's side.

"Miss Melrose, you're a wonder," he murmured. "I'd be greatly honored if you'd wear my fraternity pin."

"Delighted," she smiled. And he placed the pin in her hand, forgetting to let go till Otto cranked up, and the car rolled forward on him.

"Let go that clutch," cried Molly.

"Excuse me," said the Sexton, falling back.

Molly ran to the emergency brake and threw it on, calling, "Now crank up again."

Once more Otto turned the crank. The result was an explosion and back fire that threw him to the ground. Molly ran, and picked him up, dusted him off with motherly solicitude, and explained,

"You ought to have retarded your spark."

"I'll wait as long as you say," he grinned in the luxury of being nursed.

"You poor thing; your hand is all bruised."

She whipped off her stock and made a sling of it for his bruised hand.

Highbawl, looking on, jealously muttered to the Growler, "And she's wearing my fraternity pin." h

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He made the secret sign and shook his head. But she did not see him and he walked angrily away and sat down back of the car sulking. At the same time Billiken was whining to the Growler, "She's got my pin on, and look at the way she mollycoddles him."

He made his secret sign frantically, but she ignored it and he joined Highbawl on the ground at the rear of the car while Molly was saying to the delighted Newton:

"Are you sure she was your cousin?"

"I swear by yon pale—"
"Speaking of pale—we need some water," said Molly. "Here you!" She pointed to the Sexton, "Will you go to the brook down there and get some water?"

"Anything to oblige a lady," he assented. "But what'll I carry it in?"

"Use your hat."

He looked at her in dismay. It was a good hat, a new hat.

"Step lively!" she urged, and he clambered over the fence, while Molly leaped into the car and moved the lever on the steering wheel, then from there whistled to the Growler, "Get busy on the crank there."

"This one?" said he, laying hold of Otto.

"That one!"

Dick seized the crank and for all his force could hardly budge it.

"Oh, I see," said Molly, "you're cranking on the magneto."

"Am I? Excuse me?" said the Growler in all meekness, and Otto demanded,

"How dare you crank on the magneto in the presence of a lady!"

Molly jumped down and ran to the compression cocks on each cylinder. There she found the Growler ready and waiting to murmur,

"You're a wonder, Miss Melrose, and I should esteem it an honor if you would wear my-"

"Certainly. It's my brother's fraternity."

THE LADY AND THE QUININE QUARTET

And she seized the pin and stuck it on her waist as she worked; then flung off her jacket, put it into his outstretched hand, pushed him away, and cranked up herself. The machine chugged irregularly, then there were heavy explosions and a stream of sparks shot out from the muffler at the tail of the car. Billiken and Highbawl, who were seated there sulking, turned somersaults to get out of the way. They sat on the ground at a safe distance and stared.

"Fourth of July has came!" gasped

"Do you know what caused that?" Molly demanded, sternly.

"You can search me," Otto protested. "Your muffler isn't clean." She sniffed.

"Why, mother just gave it to me for my birthday."

"I see the ground is broken, too."

"Who broke the ground?" Otto demanded.

But Molly was rolling up her sleeves, and finding the point where the battery

wire led to the engine while the Growler pressed close again, with,

"As I was about to say, my fraternity's secret sign is-"

Molly pushed him aside, stopped the engine, ran to the vibrator, and set it right, as the Sexton clambered back over the fence with a wet and ruined hat.

"Here you are," he said as he proffered the beaker.

"Don't bother me," said Molly, and she knocked the hat aside.

She tested the carburetor. After a pause she demanded abruptly:

"How's your feed?" "I beg your pardon."

"How's the gasoline feeding?"

"I'll ask it," said Highbawl, and he bent to call under the car,

"Gasoline-oh, gasoline-how are you feeding?"

From the other side of the car came an answer in a voice like Billiken's,

"Very well, thank you."

Highbawl faced Molly and saluted:



"Gasoline's compliments and he's feeding very well, thank you."

"I don't believe him," she snapped,

and then, "Good-by!"

"Good-by!" gasped Highbawl.
"You're not leaving us out here in the woods alone?"

"Where are you going?" Otto pleaded.

"Under the car."

"I can't permit it. Let me go."

"What good could you do?" she sniffed.

"Go away! Permit me," said Highbawl.

"Permit me," said the other three and the Quartet sank to its knees.

"Get up, you're mere men," said Molly. "You don't know anything."

And without more ado she crawled under the car. As she was disappearing in a flurry of skirts, Billiken sang out:

"Oh, see the mouse!"

There was a shriek from under the car and with feet wildly kicking, Molly reappeared, climbed into the car, and gathered her skirts about her.

"Who said 'mouse'-where? Where?"

she squealed.

"I don't believe it was a mouse after all," said Billiken. "My mistake."

"If I hear any more from you men," Molly scolded, "I'll leave you here all night."

"Oh, please come down," pleaded Newton, and the Quartet serenaded her with the refrain of

"Come down, sweet evening star."

At length Molly deigned to descend, rattled a stick beneath the car timidly, and crawled under again, shivering with fear. She disconnected the gasoline feed pipe, took out a bit of waste, connected up again, and emerged once more to daylight, her hair all disarranged. Each of the men handed her a comb or a hairpin that she had dropped, and she put up her hair hastily.

At the gestured command each of the men handed her some part of her equipment in turn, her jacket, gloves, fishing-

basket, hat and fishing-rod.

"Now, gentlemen," she said, in a tone of dismissal, "your car is all right and I'll be on my way. Good-night; good luck."

Each of the Quartet jostled the others to offer his escort home, and each made the secret sign, but she shook her head:

"I wouldn't dream of troubling you. You have your concert, you know."

"And she has my fraternity pin," growled Highbawl to the Sexton.

"And mine," answered the Sexton.
"And mine!" from the Growler.

"Not to mention mine," wailed Billiken.

As the Diana of the Motorcars strode forth on her way, Otto once more headed her off, pleading, "Molly, you can't turn me adrift like this."

But she only hummed a popular tune: "She was a cousin of mine, just a cousin of mine."

"But Molly," he begged, "if you leave us out in the woods we might be eaten alive."

"By a mouse?".

"I can't live without you, Molly dear, and my hand hurts me terribly—Ooo—!"

This brought a show of relenting, and she murmured with a willingness to be persuaded:

"You're sure she was your really, truly cousin?"

"I give you my word."

"Cross your heart and swallow fish-hooks?"

"All those and more. I bought the car for you, Molly. It's no use to me without you."

She looked back at the Melrose, and it seemed to plead for its owner.

"It's a very nice car," she confessed; "a girl would forgive a good deal for an auto like that—this year's model, too. Mine is two years old."

"Be my chauffeuse for life," Otto hastened to plead.

"Will you promise never to go out without me?"

"I'd never dare to," he admitted.

"And you'll never take that so-called cousin out?"

"Never!"

"Then crank up! Your sparker is retarded."

Oblivious of the Quartet's odious presence, Otto clutched Molly's hand and clung to it in rapture, while the Quartet struck up:



"Beneath a shady tree they sat He held her hand, she held his hat. I held my breath and lay quite flat, They kissed, I saw them do it."

But Otto was so full of contentment that even the threadbare tune could not harrow him.

Molly yielded to his prayer that she steer the Quartet to Dover, where after losing them they could take a spin in the gloaming. She gave his hand a squeeze, then turned to call "All aboard! Throw in your jack."

"Which one?" said Billiken.

Under her captaincy the four took the jack from the rear of the car. Molly cranked up. The machine chugged. All bounded into the car at once; Molly in the chauffeur's seat, Otto alongside, the rest piled in a heap in the rear. Molly threw off the emergency brake, and the car set forward with a will, purring contentedly under the evident skill of the new chauffeuse.

And the last the Nook in the Woods knew of its visitors was a mellow chorus dying away as the distance blurred the words:

"FOR SHE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

For she's a jolly good fellow For she's a jolly good fe-el-low Which nobody can deny-!"

A Matter of Business

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Author of "A Fool There Was," etc.

I T'S a terrible thing to be poor, you know. By Jove, it really is! I never realized it until I got a notice from my bank saying that my account was overdrawn to the extent of a hundred dollars, or a thousand, or something like that, and asking me to send them a check to make up the deficit.

I had my man at once 'phone my solicitor—Catherton, he is, and a jolly

good chap, too—and considered wise no end. By Jove, I never yet asked him a question that he couldn't answer—that is, before this one.

I told him all the circumstances, you know—all about the governor's losing his money in the panic—poor old chap, it worried him into his grave—and then I spoke of the notice I had just gotten from the bank.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but it looks as if you were up against it, old man. You'll have to satisfy the bank's

claim, you know."

"But how?" I asked. "If I had anything to satisfy it with, I'd have satisfied it, you know, and there wouldn't be anything to ask you about, would there?"

"Haven't you anything left?" he

asked.

"The bank says not," I returned. "The notice shows that; and the bank ought to know if anybody. That's the bank's business, isn't it?"

"In a way, of course," he answered. "But you still have some property,

haven't you?"

"Oh," I said, "I've still got the lodge in the Adirondacks, and the shooting-box in South Carolina, and a couple of motors, and my watch and studs. But I need all those, you know. I must have some amusement. I can't sit in the club-window all the time, can I?"

He didn't say anything for quite a bit. Then he didn't answer my question at

all, he said, merely:

"Have dinner with me to-night, wont you? And we'll talk things all over seri-

ously. Will you?"

"I was going to dine with the Van Rensselaer's," I said, "but, of course, if this is really important—"

"It is," he said. "Seven sharp. What

do you say?"

"Right-o," I said.

I was delayed a little—some of the fellows were laying out polo handicaps, you know, and of course they needed me. But I was only an hour or so late.

He started in with business before I

had finished my cocktail, even.

"You're in a bad fix, Van," he said to me. "You don't seem to realize it—"

"Oh, but I do," I protested. "Really, you know, I do."

"How are you going to get out of it?"

he asked, curtly.

"Well," I said, "I don't know, exactly. That's what I want to see you about. That's what lawyers are for, isn't it—to get people out of bad fixes that they can't get themselves out of?"

"Have you any statement of your af-

fairs?" he inquired.

"I haven't any affairs to have statements of," I said. "The only affair I've ever had was the bank; and the bank says I haven't anything left there—that I owe it a hundred, or a thou., or something like that."

"It looks to me," he said, lighting a cigaret while we were waiting for the soup, "as if you'd have to sell your

places, and your cars."

"Oh, but," I protested, "I can't do that, you know. Why, what would I do with myself?"

"Go to work," he returned.

I laughed, heartily.

"Then what are you going to do?" he

asked, tiresomely.

I had never known Catherton to be so stupid. But I didn't get peevish; I merely explained to him again that he was my solicitor, and that all such details lay in his hands.

"The hypothesis is evident," I said, in finishing. "I can't sell my cars, or my two little places—which wouldn't bring anything anyway—and I can't go to work. How much salary would I get even if I should be able to find someone who would be foolish enough to employ me?"

"Maybe fifteen hundred or two thousand a year," he returned, slowly.

"See?" I said. "That's how absurd it is. Why, I pay my man a thousand, and my chauffeur twelve hundred. There's twenty-two hundred right there. So not only would I have nothing for myself, but I'd be owing myself, at best, seven hundred a year—and I'd have to work as well. You can see for yourself how silly it is. No, I can't sell anything. And I can't go to work. Now with those two facts to work upon, you ought to be able to solve the matter without difficulty."

"In heaven's name," he began; and then he said, "I can solve it; but I question if the solution will please."

"What is it?" I asked. "No harm in considering it."

"Marriage," he said, bluntly. "Marry some rich girl who wants to exchange her money for your position in society and family name."

"But who?" I asked.

"There are lots of them, everywhere," he returned. "You wouldn't have the

slightest difficulty in finding one. And if you will give me your word that you will follow this course, I can arrange for a loan that will tide you over until such marriage would take place."

"But it seems a bally low thing to do," I said. "I don't like it, you know."

"Neither do I," he returned. "But there is nothing else for it."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

And I was considerably disappointed; but I thought, that if Catherton said that there was nothing else to it, it must be so. Catherton's a bright chap, you know, and though he had appeared a bit stupid, I felt at heart that I would have to abide by his judgment.

"It might be," I said, "that some time I'd really fall in love with a girl who had money. Couldn't we wait and see?"

"I'm afraid I'd have difficulty in persuading anyone to lend money on such indefinite security as that," he replied. "No," he went on, shaking his head, "you'll either have to sell everything you have, or go to work—and that means both—or marry an heiress. It's up to you."

"And there's nothing else for it?" I queried; "really no other alternative?"

"None," he said.

I was really terribly disappointed. I quite lost all desire for food, and they serve a good dinner at the Colony, too. Really, you know, it seemed too bad. I had thought that he would be able to help me; and all he had done was to comfort me with three choices, each equally impossible.

Well, all through the dinner I sat thinking it over and watching Catherton eat. It was so exasperating that I almost hoped he would get a trout bone wedged

in his throat.

At length he poured his brandy into his demi-tasse and lighted a cigar.

"Well?" he said. "Have you decided?" I hadn't, and I told him so.

"Then I'll decide for you," he declared.

"Yes?" I said

"It's marriage. Also, I'll choose the girl."

"That's very good of you," I said.
"Do you know the Glendinnings?"

"You mean that New England family that's made so much money in steamships, and things?"

He nodded.

"They have a daughter," he said.

"I've seen her," I told him. "She's pretty," he went on.

"Yes," I agreed; and really, she is, you know; no end pretty.

"She's well educated, and well bred, and well born—plays, and sings, and speaks four languages, fluently."

"One would be enough for me," I re-

turned.

"And," he continued, "her people are simply demented to get in with the best set—with your set."

"Are they?" I asked, sillily.

He nodded. "Wild," he said. "It would be too easy. And they're very wealthy—thirty or forty millions, at least."

I didn't say anything. I was thinking, you know. By Jove, I was thinking hard. His scheme didn't sound half as bad in the concrete as it did in the abstract. I had seen Beatrice Glendinning several times, and really she was a devilishly attractive girl—blonde hair, you know—golden blonde—and dark eyes, and a glorious figure.

Catherton was looking at me.

"Well," he said, at length, "what do you say?"

"Well," I repeated, "if she'll have me, I'll do it. But I don't love her, you know."

"She most probably doesn't love you, either," he returned.

"And," I went on, not noticing his remark, "I shall tell her flat just what it all amounts to."

He raised a protesting hand.

"Oh, but I wouldn't-" he began.

But I interrupted him.

"I shall," I said, firmly. "I really shall."

He hesitated a moment.

"Oh, well," he said. "Have your own way; and you'll probably be able to get through with it even in that way."

For a moment neither of us said any-

thing.

"I have your word that you will propose to her?" he resumed, presently.

"Yes," I said. "You have my word, old

chap.'

"I'll send you five thousand in the morning," he said. "It will be at a ruinous rate, though—probably fifteen or

twenty per-cent."

"I don't care about per-cents, and such things, as long as I have the money," I said. "And you can wager that I'll tell those bank people what I think of them when I go around to settle with them. I've been a good customer of theirs; and they ought to show me more consideration."

It wasn't difficult to arrange a *tête-à-tête* with Beatrice Glendinning. I tipped off my plan to Mrs. Bobbie Pell-Lispenard, you know, and she, of course, invited her in to tea. I was introduced to her, and in the confusion, I managed to lead her to a window-seat where we were a bit out of the crush.

When I was there alone with her, and talking to her, I found that memory had not half done justice to reality. By Jove, she was really beautiful, and no end smart, and attractive, and bright. She could say the most awfully clever things, and I was having a ripping good time, when, suddenly I remembered my reason for being with her, and I went cold all over.

And then I just couldn't say another thing. I couldn't think of even the most commonplace remark about the weather. I had stage-fright, and buck-ague all in one; and I just sat there like a big ninny,

fiddling with my cup.

At first she chatted on, pleasantly, and I almost groaned as I thought of what a ripping time I might be having if it weren't for that cursed marriage business. And then I didn't hear what she was saying, for I was quite lost in an effort to approach, diplomatically, the subject of matrimony.

It was all so cold-blooded, you know. But it had to be done. I was almost frantic. I couldn't think of a thing to say; and what I must have looked, I can't imagine. For, suddenly, she dropped her cup upon the floor and, with a little cry, gazed at me through deep, dark eyes, apparently puzzled, and a bit afraid.

"Is there anything the matter?"

I shook my head, helplessly.

"What is it?" she asked, again. "Tell me, what is it?"

Her tone was so soft, and so sweet, and so sympathetic, that I could have kicked myself.

And then, before I knew it, I had

blurted out:

"I want you to marry me. That's all."
She started back, gazing at me with round, puzzled eyes that did not comprehend.

Then, slowly, the most glorious flush crept over her cheek.

And, at length, she said:

"To that, then, I owe the invitation of to-day."

I said nothing.

"So that is society," she said, a hardness in the soft tones. "To extend hospitality that its recipients may be insulted."

I raised my hand, protestingly.

She cried, in a rush of angry words: "Yes, insulted! How dared you! How

lared you!"

"I don't know," I said. "My solicitor told me that I had to—that you would be glad to have me. He said," I blundered on, idiotically, caddishly, "that your people were crazy to get into society. He said that you needed my name and position; and that I needed your money; and that it was an even exchange. He wanted me to say I loved you. But I wouldn't do that. All I told him I would do was to offer an exchange. And I've done it. And I'm ashamed, and sorry. I didn't know I could be such a cad," I said

And that was true. For I didn't.

There were two bright spots of glorious color upon her cheeks; her little hands clenched. Her tiny, white, even teeth were tight set.

"The shame of it!" she said.

"Yes," I groaned. "I didn't know there was a shame like it. I've been ashamed before, you know, but never like this. I couldn't be more ashamed if I'd murdered my grandmother, or lost an easy goal."

I groaned again. But three people looked around, so I was more careful

after that.

She was looking at me now in the worst possible way in which a girl may gaze at a man—impersonally; as if I were embroidered on the tapestry, or painted on the china.

"Do you know," she said, slowly, at length, "I had begun to like you before—before you did what you did."

She was speaking of me as one might speak of someone who had just died a disgraceful death. It was uncanny, almost. I shivered. It was as if I were lying stretched out uncomfortably in a casket and people were looking at me and saying, "Doesn't he look natural?" I didn't seem to be I, at all. I was someone else who was standing beside her, gazing at that which once had been I with sad, sorrowful, condemnatory eyes. It was awful—positively awful, by Jove! "Don't, please," I begged. "Please,

"Don't, please," I begged. "Please, don't. I know I deserve it all, and more—much more. But please, please don't just the same. It wasn't my fault. But yes, it was, too. I should have known better. I'm an ass—a hopeless ass—and a cad, too, I'm afraid. I had begun to like you, too, terribly well—better than I'll ever dare to tell you, probably; but, you see, it was this way."

And I told her all about how it started, and how the governor lost all his money, and about the notice the bank sent me, and my talk with Catherton.

She listened. I don't know why; but she did.

And I said:

"I don't attempt to excuse myself. I was all wrong, of course. And I'm sorrier than I shall ever be able to say-and more ashamed. But there are people, you know-at least, I've been told that there are—who would be glad to enter into an -an-an-an arrangement like that. Of course, you know, you're not one of them. Neither am I, now, for I've learned a lot of things since then that I didn't know at that time. I should have known that you're not that sort. But I didn't. That's because I'm such a bally idiot. And now I wouldn't marry you even if you wanted me to. I'm not good enough. I'd have no right to. I'm going home now and discharge Wilkins, and François, and sell the cars, and the ponies,

and the places, and then go West and raise cows, or cantaloupes, or something.

"Suppose I should do that, and learn something, and become somebody, and outgrow this incipient lunacy. If I should come back, sometime, like that, could I come to call on you? Or will you always hate me?"

She was looking at me, clearly, steadily. In her deep eyes I could find no answer; and I sat there, on the ragged edge of a great fear; and, by Jove, I was anxious, and nervous, and frightened, and sorry—and then, suddenly, it flashed through me—I can't tell you how—it just flashed through me—that's all—that I loved her. And that made it all a million times worse—yes, a million million times worse, by Jove!

"Can you never forgive me?" I asked,

anxiously.

She waited a long time.

Then, at last, she shook her head.

"No," she said.

"Not ever?" I pleaded.

She shook her head again, slowly, and again she said, "No."

"Never's a long time," I said, "a terribly long time. Are you sure—quite sure?"

Again there was a pause—a long pause.

And then she said:

"My father has a ranch in Texas."

I jumped. At first I did not understand. Then I said:

"Maybe he'd give me a job! Do you suppose he would? I can ride, you know, and shoot a little—and I think I can learn to throw a rope, and brand, and fight Indians, and mend fences, and make saleratus biscuits and flapjacks. Do you think he would?"

She said, quite seriously—at least it seemed quite seriously then:

"I'll ask him."

I said:

"That's terribly good of you, you know. Really it is. But-"

"Don't you want the position?" she

queried.

"I do," I said, "and I don't. It would take me so long to learn anything 'way off there by myself. I'm such a stupid idiot, you know—such a jolly, thick-

headed chump. I need help. I believe after all that I'd rather stay here and join the traffic squad. Yes," I cried. "That's it! That's what I'll do! And then I can at least see you occasionally, on the Avenue, and make people, and cabs, and truck-drivers, and things get out of your way—that is, unless they station me on Broadway."

"We're all going out to Texas next winter," she said, after a pause. "At

least, we expect to now."

"Oh, that puts a different face on things, then," I said. "I'll go—provided, of course, that I get a chance. Do you suppose your father'll give it to me?"

Well, to make a long story short, he did; and he grinned while he was doing

it.

They came out next winter. And then, what do you think?

Her folks disapproved of our mar-

riage because I didn't amount to anything. And I had to stay out there another year and punch cows, and cowboys, to prove to them that I did!

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But they came out again the following year, and then it was all right, for the ranch foreman told them that I was all right even if I didn't know much. And on the day of the wedding—oh, no; we didn't go back to New York for it. Not we!—I sent a telegram to Catherton.

It said:

You're a bigger chump even than I am. Advise you to discharge yourself before you get into trouble. You don't know anything divided by two.

But then, that's the way with a lot of people, you know. If they'd only do what they think is wrong, they'd be right nine times out of ten. But, thank the Lord, we're not that way.

The Penny Snatchers

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Red Mouse," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DEREMEAUX

I

CARMELINA CASTELLANO waited patiently at the end of the long line that was crawling, inch by inch, past the window of the paying teller of the Penny Bank, the night-and-day depository in the Neighborhood House.

"The snail-shell box for jewels," she kept repeating softly to herself, and in her native tongue, "the snail-shell box—

for Teacher."

It was three days before Christmas. It was nine o'clock at night. Carmelina Castellano was tired, footsore, leg-weary. Even the three last editions that still remained unsold—even the loose light leather strap that held them to her side, seemed to drag her straight young shoul-

ders down; seemed, at the end of this hard day, a heavier burden than the pounds of paper that she carried in the morning.

To her, it seemed as if all New York were drawing cash out of the Penny Bank. She sighed and leaned against the wall. Before she could reach the window on her own account, she must crawl all the way up one side of the narrow little bank, all the way down the other side, and half way back again to the paying teller—crowding and jostling those ahead, crowded and jostled by those behind. Tightly she clutched her pass-book, and held her eyes upon the teller. Drowsily she listened to his voice, uttering speech in all known languages. Wearily, her eyes fixed on the ledge of his win-

dow, she watched small, grimy fists thrust up into the opening, holding books as grimy as the fists, watched the teller seize the books, and heard him make his inevitable inquiry:

"How much, Tony?"

"A—feefty cent, signor." And then, the coin, the book, the fist, would disappear, triumphant, and Carmelina would crawl ahead another inch.

She was tired—so tired. She might have dropped asleep in the line, save for one ecstacy that kept seething through her soul, that manifested itself by the glow in her heavy eyes, and in the soft little whisper unheard by all, save Carmelina.

"The snail-shell box, for Teacher—heart of my heart—soul of my soul—Teacher."

She leaped suddenly, almost out of her skin.

"Madre de Dios," she exclaimed, excitedly, to the placid Hibernian female behind her, "a—what is de mat?"

behind her, "a—what is de mat?"
"Fer th' love iv Heaven," acquiesced
the lady, "I dunno w'ats the matter?
Some wan is murdered—maybe killed."
She shivered. "Ah, there they go again."

A scream—that was the matter. A high voiced, childish scream, fraught with agony and terror. It came, not from within the bank, but from without. A second scream—a third—then suddenly, a disheveled, ragged little scarecrow of a girl dashed in among them, clawing the air in a frenzy of rage and disappointment.

"They stole me quarter, the bloody blokes," she yelled, "me Christmas quarter—they took it off o' me. They took it off o' me. They cracked me on me nut."

The placid proposition behind Carmelina poked Carmelina in the ribs.

"It's those penny-snatchers," she announced, "I've heard of them. Aint it tur'ble, them gangs o' boys. Let me once get at 'em," she commented, "I'll take it off 'n 'em."

The paying teller beckoned to the vic-

"Here," he said, kindly, "here's another quarter. Don't let 'em get *that*, do you understand?"

The victim broke into a howl of grati-

tude, seized the proffered coin with avidity, and then drew forth a jagged piece of rock from the folds of her dress.

"I'll leave them have this," she returned, genially. "I'll leave 'em have it on their nuts."

The paying teller beckoned to the

"Jimmy," he queried, "isn't there any way of stopping this kind of thing? It's been going on for three nights now. It's a confounded shame to have these children robbed."

The porter shook his head.

"There's fifty hoodlums on the job, Mr. Tannerhill," he said, "and it would take a hundred cops to squelch 'em. What can we do? They jump out o' doorways and areaways and alleyways, here, there, everywhere. An' they wont take anybody o' their size."

"Well," went on the paying-teller, "go down the line, Jimmy, and tell everybody that draws money to stay on the well lighted streets. You understand. I'll call up the Department in the morning."

He resumed the business of the bank. He thrust his hand out through the window and seized a book—a neat, clean, unfolded book.

"How much?" he queried, peering across the ledge, and looking into a pair of big brown eyes, heavy with fatigue—the eyes of Carmelina. They opened wider still.

"A-one a-doll!" she said aloud. "A-one a-doll—for Teacher," she whispered to berself.

She got it, thrust it into her bosom with her book, and went her way re-

She left the bank, singing an old Christmas carol in a quavering, foreign little voice. But one vision rose before her, but one thought filled her soul—the snail shell-box in Schmitt's shop, the only box of its kind in the whole world, covered all over with irridescent little shell cones—the picture of a lady in the center of its top—lined with pink plush—closed and opened with a snap—ornamented without by a purple bow, against the green pasteboard background that furnished the setting for the shells.



She left the bank singing an old carol in a quavering, foreign, little voice 326

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Carmelina shivered with delight.

"She will love-a, love-a, love-a me,"

she sighed.

And then, like a stroke of lightning from out a clear sky, a troubling thought smote her. What if somebody else wanted to buy the box-her box; what if somebody else was also on his way to Schmitt's to secure that treasure; what if somebody else was already buying, paying for it? It was a soul-racking thought. She might be too late. There was no time to lose-Carmelina darted down a side street on a giddy little trot-the shortest, quickest way to Schmitt's.

Suddenly, from behind her, a hand was thrust across her shoulder, an arm encircled her, and she was brought to a

dead halt.

"Cough up. Gimme dat dollar, dago,"

commanded a voice.

Carmelina gasped. She shuddered. She squirmed. But her pursuer was too much for her. He was a slouching, half-grown youth, with coat collar turned up, and slouch hat pulled low across his face.

"You gimme dat dollar, kid," he or-

Carmelina vigorously shook her head. "I got no a-dol," she answered.

"You lie," returned the youth. "I seen

you draw it. You cough it up."

Carmelina wriggled. Then she drew a long, sharp intake of breath, clutched desperately the bosom of her dress, and screamed:

"A-help! A-murd! A-kill! A-fire!"

It was a long-drawn, agonized, childish cry. But it ended with a gurgle, for the young vandal had her by the throat and was choking her. Her telltale clutch had given him the clew, and while he held her firmly by the throat with one hand, his other he thrust rudely into the bosom of her dress, and-

Smash! Crash! Bing!

The penny-snatcher thought his head was lifted from his shoulders; he saw stars, he felt the impact as of a thousand bricks across his face. He released his hold upon the girl and sprawled into the gutter, lying there for an instant, helpless and supine. Then dragging himself together, he struggled to his feet and started once more for the girl.

"You blamed ginney-hen," he yelled. And then he stopped. He was confronted, not by one "ginney," but by two. He had thought that the girl had given him that terrific uppercut. He was mistaken. By the girl's side there stood a more formidable foe-a male; undersized, it is true, but terribly enthusiastic, with foot thrown forward, body advanced, clenched hands, artistically aggressive.

"This a-no a-ginney-hen. This a-ginney-pig," exclaimed his assailant. "Come on. A-want some more. Come on."

The penny-snatcher didn't come on. He went on, swiftly, unceremoniously.

His diminutive assailant jeered at him. "You a-stay, I knock you out again. You a-coward. Come back."

In the dark, Carmelina Castellano grasped her rescuer by the arm. "The Mother of God will care for you," she said, in her native tongue. "A-good fren'. A-much oblige."

Then she started, for the lad had stooped and was lifting to his shoulders and over his head a strap, the counterpart of hers but almost full of sporting and night editions.

"You, a-too, sella de pape?" she

queried.

"A-sure," he answered, glibly.

He squared his shoulders and turned to her with the air of a protector.

"Where you go?" he asked.

She pointed up, toward the Avenue. "I

go, too," he said.

Sturdily he marched along at her side, maintaining a furtive watch for any more atempts at robbery. She kept her clutch upon her dress at the place where lay the dollar bill, next her heart; the glow came back into her eyes, the flush into her face. As they passed the first bright light, she flashed a smile of triumph toward him.

"My pape sol' out," she said, "all nearly."

It was the patronizing tone of success to one less fortunate. He shifted his burden to the other side. His brows contracted as in pain. His gesture toward her was one of appeal.

"Some day," he returned, wistfully, "I sell - hunner' - thousan'-a-pape. Not

now. I gotta learn."

He stopped her in the glare of a shop window and swung his bundle squarely in front of her.

"You a-tell me, please," he pleaded, leafing over the papers, "which a-World, which a-Sun, which a-Mail."

She laughed and deftly picked them out, one after another.

"Eye-yah," he sighed, a bit forlornly. He gazed at her with another appeal for sympathy and dropped into his na-

tive tongue.

"Little one," he explained, "I am not long over here." His eyes dulled; a pallor, the reflection of some inward grief spread itself across his face. "My people—my home," his voice dropped. "I am of Messina, little stranger," he went on.

The girl uttered an exclamation of surprise. Then she shuddered, as with

fear.

"Madre de Dios, signor," she returned, "and I—of Reggio. I came over with many people twelve months ago. None of my own. I came over—after the"—once more a shudder, "heavy curse—"

The lad opened wide his eyes.
"You, too, are alone?" he queried.
She nodded. "I am glad to have met
you, signor," she added, pleasantly.

"You have learned fast," returned the boy. "As for me, I have been here, also many months. But it is only of late that I have become a business man," he tapped his bundle, "and it is so slow, so slow to learn. They ask for pink—I give them white. They ask for World, I give them Sun. And money—nothing do I know of the money of this country—a little, yes. Not much."

They had walked on and on, and suddenly she uttered a feminine squeal.

"This—Schmitt's," she laughed.

She pulled him by the arm and drew him into the little shop.

"The snail-shell box for jewels," she warbled in Italian to old Schmitt, who, like the paying teller, knew all the

tongues of Babel.

"This most divine gift that I now buy," she explained to the stranger, "is for my Teacher. She is why I have learned so much. The more I learn from her, the more papers I can sell, the more money I can earn. She is good for business, this Teacher. To me," she added. softly, "she is almost as the Mother of God. Eye-yah," she exclaimed, suddenly, "you, too, should learn of her. You would be a business man—she would teach you all things. Yes, I shall tell you. She is the Miss Rosencrans of this school—at evening is this school. I shall show you where it is, signor."

Ten minutes later, after they had left the shop, he stopped her at a corner.

"You now are safe, little one?" he asked.

"Safe," she answered him, "and thank you, signor."

"My name," he said solemnly, "is Peppino—Peppino Scoppetone, little one."

"Mine," she conceded, "is the Miss Carmelina Castellano."

He drew off his cap, and turned upon his heel.

"A-merry Christ'," he murmured, in English, with a smile.

"A-same to you, signor," she answered, laughingly.

And then he went his way.

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The man in the high hat and the waxed and curled mustaches stood on the corner for an instant and lazily inserted his hand in his vest-pocket. Instantly there descended upon him a mob of howling Arabs.

"World, mister?"
"Mail, mister."

"Choinal, mister."
"A-Sun, a-Press, a-Mail, a-Journal, World."

The last voice was the voice of Pep-

pino Scoppetone.

The hand of Peppino Scoppetone advanced itself to within a foot of the stranger's countenance, clutching an assortment of his wares. The stranger paused, stroked his mustache, gazed at the four other hard-headed newsboys, including Big Kelly, the huskiest of the lot—and then he nodded his head toward Peppino.

Peppino.
"Yeh," he said to Peppino, "gimme a

-let me see-a World."

Five Worlds were thrust into his countenance but he put them from him.



"This a-no a-ginney-hen. This a-ginney-pig," exclaimed his assailant

"Get away, all of you," he commanded the rest. "I'm buyin' from him."

"From a measly dago," exclaimed Big Kelly, lumbering away in disgust.

"Gimme your World, boy," said the stranger.

Peppino, his pride at being singled out in public strong upon him, passed over the paper.

The stranger, still fumbling in his vest-pocket, produced a quarter, a new, bright, shiny quarter.

Peppino seized it, dropped it into his trousers and produced a small handful of change.

"A-twenty-four," he said, counting it out, laboriously, but accurately, "a-thanks, signor."

The man in the high hat moved on, plunging his face into the World and becoming immediately absorbed in its news. As he walked away, he smiled softly.

"If they're all as soft as this kid," he

assured himself, "I'm on Easy street, all right."

Back on the corner, Big Kelly confronted Peppino Scoppetone.

"Yeh blamed ginney," he exclaimed, "do yeh think ye're the whole woiks 'round here?"

Peppino showed his teeth. He assumed an attitude of defense as Kelly

bore down upon him.

"A-no," he retorted, "I aint. Only jess a leetla ginney-pig." He thrust his body forward. "Jess a leetla ginney-pig," he

declared again.

Big Kelly stopped as if shot. He had heard that expression "leetla ginneypig," once before—on the night that he had clutched an Italian girl by the throat in a dark side street.

Kelly turned white, drew his hat down over the bruise on his face, and turned away with a growl.

"Ginney," he exclaimed, "I'll even up

with you."

"A-now, a-now," yelled Peppino, thrusting his clenched hands into the face of Kelly.

But Kelly evaded him and rushed toward a customer across the sidewalk.

"I'm too busy now, ginney," he replied, "but when I get time, I'll even up with you."

That night, at the close of a busy day, Peppino left his corner and ran swiftly up one block and down two to another corner and there, under the elevated steps, he found Carmelina Castellano.

"I wait for you," she said, showing her

white teeth.

"And I thank you, little one," he answered, drawing himself up proudly. "I have saved, and I would that you would take me to your bank—this Penny Bank."

She nodded briskly.

"I am known of them, and they will take my word for you." She glanced at him out of the corner of her eyes. "How much have you saved, signor?" she inquired.

"A-twenty-five," he answered, "just a-quarter of a-dol. It was hard work, little one. It is always hard work, this

work of a business man."

Ten minutes later they were standing under the paying-teller's window in the Neighborhood Bank—a bank where one might deposit any sum, from one cent up to thousands. Miss Carmelina Castellano introduced to the paying teller, Tannerhill, her friend, Signor Peppino Scoppetone.

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"How much is your first deposit,

Scoppetone?" asked Tannerhill.

For answer Peppino drew forth from his pocket a bright new quarter—the quarter with which the stranger with the high hat and waxed and curly mustaches had that day paid for his *World*—drew it forth and tossed it across the ledge. The paying teller caught it, picked it up, scowled, and thrust it back again.

"Is that the best you can do?" he

asked.

"As—how?" inquired Peppino.
"Counterfeit," returned the teller.
Carmelina turned pale.

"Madre de Dios!" she exclaimed.

"As—how?" repeated Peppino, bewil-

"I say," returned the teller, "that's it's counterfeit. It's not silver. It's a piece of glass, covered with silver gilt, that's all. Bite it, if you don't believe me."

Peppino bit it. It crunched to pieces between his teeth. He spat out the frag-

ments in disgust.

"A-stung by a-dicer," he exclaimed.

The teller laughed and pushed the pass-book into a pigeon hole.

"When you have something good, Mr. Scoppetone," he announced, "come around and let us have it. As it is—"

As it was, Peppino and Carmelina left the bank disconsolate.

"It comes so slow, this knowledge of the business," complained Peppino.

He drew forth from his pocket a soiled linen bag and unloosed its string.

"See," he said, plaintively, "they fool me—all fool me. See how many coins—this, that and the other stranger have passed them on me. They are all bad. I do not know why. All look good to me—and this new coin—this one of glass—it looked so good. Not in Messina could they fool me so. But here—here—the trouble is I do not know. I do not know enough."

Carmelina tapped him gently on the

"You come with me to the home of this Miss Rosencrans—this Teacher," she exclaimed; "she shall place you at a desk in this school. She shall select this educated professor, with eye-glasses. He shall show you—in this school. You come with me."

Peppino obeyed.

And he found it even as Carmelina had foretold.

Night after night he sat among a crowd of boys and men, some of them over sixty, and drank in knowledge, oh, so greedily, so swiftly. This knowledge helped him in his business; it taught him men as well as books; it taught him care, neatness, above all, cleanliness. The educated professor with the eye-glasses talked it over with him.

"Peppino," he said, "your eyes are too bright and your cheeks too red to miss a good chance. You'll make a hit on that corner of yours if you'll use a scrubbing brush, and wear a new, clean, paper

collar every day."

Peppino followed this sage advice and it worked. No longer fearing the bulk and bluster of Big Kelly, Peppino found himself the winner in every scramble for a customer. Most of the time he was the first on the spot, but when he didn't happen to be, his eyes and skin, and color, and more particularly, his cleanliness, served him well.

"It is great, this American education,"

he told Carmelina Castellano.

He was right. It was great so far, in all respects save one. He found himself still "stung by dicers," and by other gentry, variously clad. He knew a nickel from a quarter, a penny from a nickel, but he didn't know a good one from a bad one. One day he showed his evergrowing bag of counterfeits to one of his competitors on the corner—not, however, to Big Kelly.

"Hully gee!" exclaimed this particular competitor, glancing over the assortment, "you're soft, aint youse, ginney. But never you mind," he continued, "you take your time. They was worked off on you. You can work 'em off on others. See! You was stung. You got to sting

somebody else. That's all."

Peppino's eyes gleamed. "As-how?"

"Say, you are soft, ginney," returned the other. "Why, look-a here. A guy gives you a quarter—"

"A bad one?" faltered Peppino.

"Naw, a good one," said his rival. "A guy gives you a quarter for a Mail, see. You got to give him twenty-four back, aint you? Well, do it gradual. Work off à bum nickel on him in his good change. He wont never notice. By an' by, why you get rid of 'em all that way. Why, say, you got dollars an' dollars of bad stuff there, Bo. Sting 'em like they stung you."

Peppino shook his head.

"He could tell it by my face, that it was bad," he said.

His rival snorted.

"Bo," he demanded, severely, "gimme one of them phony ten cent pieces. Wait till my next quarter sale, and then you watch me—see?"

Peppino waited; the quarter sale finally arrived with a demand for a sporting-extra; the quarter passed into the hands of Peppino's adviser. Peppino's adviser drew forth four pennies, two nickels, all good, and a ten-cent piece, sandwiched between—the phony coin. The purchaser of the sporting-extra took the change without looking at it, was about to slip it carelessly into his pocket, when Peppino caught his arm.

"The change—it is not right," he cried.

He quickly caught the stranger's hand, took the change from him, dived into his own pocket, changed the ten-cent pieces and thrust back the coins into the stranger's paw, whereupon the stranger, lost in wonder, went his way.

Peppino's competitor spat in disgust. "Well, what d'ye t'ink o' dat!" he ex-

claimed

"I sting-a no one," returned Peppino. His eyes grew tender as his mouth hardened.

"What would this educated professor with eye-glasses say-a to me?" said Peppino to himself, gently, "if I should-a sting some dicers. What would-a she say, the littla one? It is better so that I lose dollars. I shall not sting."

So he thrust the fat bag into his pocket. But if he were gradually accu-



"Counterfeit; returned the teller

mulating bad coin, he also was rapidly accumlating good coin. The paying teller at the Penny Bank had shown no hesitancy in accepting the *second* quarter that Peppino tendered, and the second had been followed by a third, and the third by many others. Peppino was become a constant customer at the Penny Bank.

Meantime, Big Kelly nursed his growing wrath, but he made no open demonstration. He was afraid of Peppino in more ways than one.

III

One memorable day in the middle of the summer, just about sunset, four genial looking men came down the street, abreast, shoulder to shoulder. Upon them all was the stamp of good humor.

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"Here's four sales, Bo's," whispered Big Kelly, and like four chariot horses, Peppino and his confrères leaped and brought up before the customers. The four genial men stopped and looked at the newsies; then, as one man, they all pointed to Peppino.

"Give us the Wall Street edition," they chorused, looking at him and at no one else.

He had started to comply, when behind him he heard a soft little rush, and his shoulder was brushed by some-

thing light and graceful, and a girl, gliding lightly between him and the four men, raised her voice up in appeal.

"Signors," she pleaded, "World, Journal, Sporting, Wall Street — Extra-a-a-s."

Then she stopped.

The four men reached over to Peppino and held out four cents. But Peppino only shook his head.

"Buy from da leetla one, signors," he commanded.

He retreated from the firing line, but stood behind Big Kelly to see that there was no foul play.

The four men gasped.

"Is this New York—or Arcady?" they asked, one of the other.

They bought of the girl, then, and departed. Carmelina Castellano turned, smiling upon Peppino, and handed him the four cents at the same time snatching four of his papers.

"Only just-a fun," she explained, "I play fair."

He shook his head. Then a new light

came into his eyes.
"Leetla one," he whispered, drawing her over to the curb, "this corner is great business corner. Greatest in America. You stay here, leetla one-stay here." He lowered his voice. "Stay here and be-my partner."

Her face flushed. Tremulously she

caught him by the arm.

"Si, signor," she replied, "I shall be so glad. At my corner, they have-what do you think?-made me away-freezed me out, signor."

Lightning flashed from the eyes of

Peppino.

"Who a-freeze you out?" he demanded.

She nodded toward Kelly. "Big-a loafer, just like him," she answered.

"If I only been-a there," breathed Peppino.

She shook her head.

"I accept, signor," she went on; "we

shall be partners."

She grinned with practical glee and nodded toward the other newsboys on the corner.

"Maybe two of us, maybe we freeze them out-some a-day-some a-day."

Peppino came very close to her and looked deep into her eyes. "Some a-day," he repeated softly, "maybe some a-daysomething else happen-some a-day."

Carmelina did not answer. She only flushed and trembled.

IV

Schmitt held fast to the tray and kept his eyes on every bit of jewelry it contained.

"Dis ring-dis beautiful gold, solid gold ring—is fife dollars," he explained.

Peppino picked it up.

"You pood him down," exclaimed Schmitt, suspiciously, "I aint god time for no vlim-vlam games in here. You loog, bud you don't douch, hein? Understood?"

Peppino looked. But he had been glad to hold it just once in his hand, too. It felt heavy, solid, satisfactory.

"This five a-dol gol' ring?" he queried, "is she engagement ring, like for feller what aint goin' get a-marry for long time?"

Schmitt nodded.

"It's god for you marry her, for you don'd marry her for long dime, or for you don'd marry her at all. It is good ring for fife dollar. Do you buy it, hein?"

"I come in an' look again," returned

Peppino.

He did. He came often, and with regularity—and always to see the ring. And weeks and months passed.

One day in winter he changed his tune. "How for a merry a-Christ' giftthis-a ring, eh, for a lady, eh?" he asked, showing his teeth.

"Gristmas is the besd of all for dis here ring," returned Schmitt. "You gif it for Grisdmas; she gan't get you on no breach of promise suits an' such. You

better buy.'

Peppino's eyes sparkled. He laughed aloud. He drew forth from his pocket a soiled linen bag, bursting with coin. Few people had seen this bag-only one of the newsies on the corner, Carmelina, the bank-teller, and now. Schmitt.

"Would you a-geef me this ring for this here?" queried Peppino, exhibiting his counterfeits. The old man took one look, then he thrust his tray into the

case, and howled.

"You get oud of here, you phony ginney," he yelled. "You gounterfeiter, you blag-guard-you blag-hand teef."

But Peppino only laughed.

"It was a-my joke," he explained.

Then he told Schmitt all about ithow he had been stung and stung and stung. As he proceeded with his story, Schmitt's eyes glanced from the face of Peppino to the solid gold ring in the case, and finally he grinned.

"You are doo easy, by far, my friend," he laughed.

Peppino nodded.

"I shall get some good a-mon, sig-

nor," he returned, "just about a-Merry Christ-a-mas time. And I shall a-buy that ring. A-so."

V

It was the night before Christmas. An overgrown boy in dirty, shabby clothes stood patiently in line at the Penny Bank. Ostensibly he was there to draw money, but he held no book within his hand, nor did he draw from his pocket and consult it every three minutes as everybody else did. Instead, he merely moved along with the line. Through it all, he kept his eyes fastened upon one customer of the bank. That customer was Peppino Scoppetone. He waited until he heard Peppino make his request through the teller's window:

"A five-a dol," said Peppino.

Then the shabby, overgrown lad, exhibited signs of impatience.

"Aw," he exclaimed at last to his neighbors, "blamed if I'm goin' to wait in this here line any more. Youse can count me out. Good-night."

He slunk out of the bank, turned a corner, turned another and whistled. Two other shifty, overgrown lads appeared from out the darkness.

"Is that you, Kelly?" whispered he who had come from the bank.

"Sure," said Kelly, "me and Bull, waitin' for you. Any luck?"

"A fiver," whispered the other. "A guy drew out five just afore I come out. I got him spotted. Come with me."

Peppino left the bank. With him he carried his book, and five dollars. With him he carried an unswerving purpose—to go to Schmitt's—to buy the ring—the ring that now should be a Christmas ring, later an engagement ring—sometime, surely, a wedding-ring.

"Thou and I, little one," he whispered. He sped on toward Schmitt's. And as he sped, something suddenly propelled itself out of the darkness and crashed against his head. That something was the clenched hand of Big Kelly—Big Kelly, brave, now, because he was backed up by two other penny-snatchers.

Peppino slumped down like a log. Big Kelly stooped over him and peered

into his face.

"Hully gee," he gasped to his companions, "is he de guy dat drew the five, to-night?"

"Sure," confirmed the penny-snatcher scout.

"It's a good t'ing," exclaimed Big Kelly, "dat I had youse guys along."

He rubbed his face where once the right hand of Peppino had left its mark.

"Why?" they asked.

"'Cause"—stammered Kelly, the coward, "'cause, wit' a guy like dis, I needs somebody to,"—he stopped and gulped, "to divvy up the swag wit'. See?"

"It's about time we got the swag an' no mistake," said the third pennysnatcher. "Where did he stow it, Bo?"

"I dunno," replied the scout, "but he's got it all O. K."

The three felt carefully of Peppino's clothes.

"Gee," exclaimed Big Kelly at last, "here it is."

He thrust his hand into Peppino's trousers-pocket, and amid a jingling of coins he drew forth a soiled linen bag.

"Five dollars," he exclaimed, gleefully, "and all in chicken-feed. Come on, youse, and beat it fer mixed ale—beat it. See?"

They beat it—straight for mixed ale. But first they put a good three-quarters of a mile between the scene of the hold-up and the scene of the proposed pour down.

"Better take a strange place," suggested Kelly, "where we aint known."

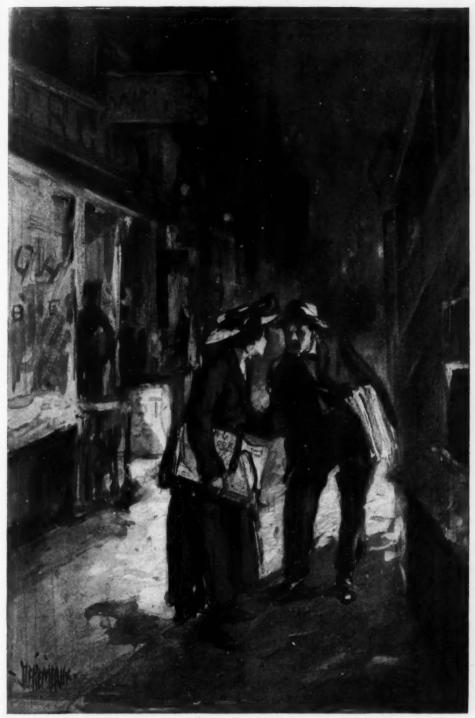
They selected this strange place, and gathered around a table.

"Set 'em up," commanded Big Kelly of the attendant.

The attendant cheerfully complied. Big Kelly pulled out a soiled linen bag and poured a deluge of coins into his hand.

The attendant gave one look at the coins, another look at Big Kelly. Then he accepted the half dollar that Kelly proffered him. Then he stepped into the private 'phone booth and called up Headquarters.

"Say, Andy," he whispered through the 'phone, to the man at the other end, "I've got a guy with the greatest lot of the 'queer' on him that you ever saw. And he's shovin' it fer fair."



"Stay here"—he lowered his voice—"Stay here and be-my partner"

Twenty minutes later two plainclothes men stepped into the place, received a wink from the attendant, and swiftly handcuffed Big Kelly and his gang

"What fer?" wailed the former.

They held up before his eyes the soiled linen bag.

"Fer shovin' that," they said.

Big Kelly and his confrères gaped. "Gee," they gasped, astonished, "why, it's phony. We didn't know that."

Kelly jumped at the chance.

"Of course we didn't know it, Cap," he explained to the plain-clothes men, "of course we didn't. We thought it was good stuff. We thought it just come out of a bank."

"Oh," returned the plain-clothes men. "Well, you can come over to the office anyhow and just tell how you got it. See?"

They saw.

As the two men and their prisoners passed out, Big Kelly leaned over to his

brother penny-snatchers.

"Say, youse," he announced, "we got a Christmas present comin' to us, anyways. Which will they give us more for, shovin' the queer, or highway robbery. That's what we got to decide and blamed quick, too."

Later that night a youth with a bandaged head stepped into Schmitt's. With

him was a maid.

"I come to buy that there Christmas, engage-a-ment, a-wedding ring, signor, he said. "I have here the money.

He leaned down, drew off one of his shoes and took from it a five dollar gold piece.

Schmitt set out the tray.

Peppino picked up a ring. In his left hand he held the gold piece. In his right hand he held the ring. Somehow or other there was a considerable disparity between their respective weights. He reasoned correctly that a plain gold ring worth five dollars ought to be nearly as heavy as a five dollar gold piece; he had learned something of the weights of

"Signor," he smiled, "deesa ring is brass-a-worth five a-cent. Where that gold a-ring you showed me?"

"Dot's der same ring," insisted Schmitt.

Peppino's eyes narrowed.

"So," he commented, "you t'ink-a me easy, eh? A-good night. A-Merry Chrismas, signor.

He turned and started off with the

"Here," yelled Schmitt, "here it is. It got mislaid."

"A-mislaid?" mildly protested Peppino. "You t'ink me easy, eh?"

He bored Schmitt through and through with his eyes.

Schmitt actually flushed.

"Eh?" queried Peppino, with his hand on the door-knob.

"Yes," admitted Schmitt, "I geef in.

I dried to fool you. I know'd you had been fooled before. But, now," he passed the gold ring over, "dis is straighd goods. You get him for four fifdy, if you keep your moud shud about the trick, my friend."

Peppino passed the ring to Carmelina. "Is it gold-and good, leetla one?" he asked.

She tested it.

'Si, signor," she answered him.

"Four-feefty, then," said Peppino, "and we have a Christmas Eve supper on the change, eh, leetla one?"

Outside he held her for an instant and drew off her glove and slipped the ring

upon her finger.

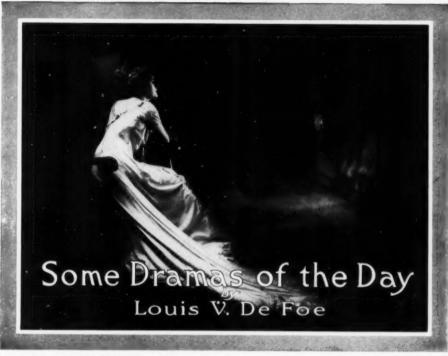
"For Christmas now," he told her gently, "by an' by for engage-a-ment, and—" he stooped down and searched her soul with his eyes, "some a-day for wedding-ring. It is not so, leetla one?"

Carmelina lifted her face. "Si, signor," she replied-and he kissed her.

"Say," said the porter of the Penny Bank that evening to Tannerhill, the teller, "I just got word over the outside 'phone here that they've rounded up the Penny-snatchers-fifteen of 'em in all."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Tannerhill. "How did they do it?"

The porter shrugged his shoulders, "It seems they got a chap named Kelly on some charge, and he broke down, an' give up all he knew. He was the leader of the gang and they've got the gang."



Photograph Copyright 1909, by Moffett Studio, Chicago
Miss Mary Boland, leading lady with John Drew in "Inconstant George"

F ROM a list of twenty-five new plays—the accumulation of only four weeks of theatregoing and a fair index of the extraordinary activity of this dramatic season—one stands conspicuously apart. It is "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," the most interesting of half a dozen recent arrivals from London, in which Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, the English humorist, suddenly turns moralist and takes his fellowmen to task for the very human weakness of stifling their better selves.

Mr. Jerome scorns every law of construction which ordinarily helps to lend conviction to a dramatic work. His dialogue is written in a long drawn monotone. All his characters are worked upon in one manner. All develop—so far as they develop at all—along a single rigid line. From start to finish is sounded the same recurring note. And yet, with this disconcerting lack of dramatic technique and literary artistry, audiences hang interestedly upon every word.

You are introduced, in a prologue, to

an outrageous collection of vulgarians. They are the tawdry denizens of a cheap London boarding-house. You hear their shallow sarcasms. You watch in disgust their swinish habits. They pilfer the landlady's candles from the piano in the sitting room. They grab for the gravy at table. They maneuver to capture the largest portions of meat and vegetables for their own plates. By names you know them only as Cheat, Sloven, Painted Lady, Shrew, Snob, Hussy, Bully, Coward, Cad and Rogue.

Then enters a seedy stranger, lean, long, austere, gentle, and refined. He applies for a room and, without irritation at the landlady's impositions, is assigned one. You are now to know him as The Third Floor Back. He quietly takes up his residence among the wrangling boarders and enters into their petty affairs. For every insult flung at him he returns a pleasant word; for every slur, a compliment. At first you see in him only an arch flatterer, amusing himself, you think, at the expense of his stupid

companions. But gradually his strange influence commences to get in its redeeming work.

"Who are you?" cries the *Hussy*, just before the fall of the curtain on the prologue. "You are, you are—!"

"I am only a fellow lodger," he quietly

replies.

"I am the Servant in The House," replied *Manson* to a similar question in Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's fine symbolical play which overshadows Mr. Jerome's work at every point.

The meaning of the answer is the same in each. The *Third Floor Back*, like *Manson*, symbolizes the appeal of conscience. He typifie: the assertion of that better nature which is hidden in every human being, however base.

The prologue, meanwhile, has passed to the play, and the play to its epilogue. At all times the method of the author has been unwaveringly the same—a long series of dialogues in which kindliness is returned for scorn.

Finally you are introduced to the characters by their real names-all but the Third Floor Back, who now becomes the Passer By. Never mind what these names are. It doesn't matter. It is important only to perceive that a wonderful transformation has taken place. The thieving old boarding-house keeper has become a Samaritan. The contemptible Bully and his Shrew wife, arrant wranglers, are two cooing turtle doves. The Hussy who would sell her honor for wealth is the promised wife of a poor but honest young artist. Andmiracle of miracles!—the Painted Lady has scraped the enamel from her cheeks and the rouge from her lips and banished the peroxide from her hair. Thus the metamorphosis extends through the entire list. The tawdry sitting-room is filled with sunshine and harmony.

It is scarcely necessary to add that there is only the fain est illusion of real life in this strange play. At first none of the characters possess a redeeming virtue; in the end not one has a redeeming vice. One doubts that even by superhuman intervention could actual people be made to reform their conduct so quickly or divest themselves so thoroughly of their baser selves.

I cannot see how, without Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his fine English company, Mr. Jerome's sermon in dialogue could survive for a second performance. Nor can I explain how they manage to make the piece so interesting. I can only say that they do, and I am content to leave my readers, who may presently see the play, to solve the problems for themselves.

HAVING paid my respects to the most curious of the new plays, let me now turn to the most popular one. It is the dramatization which Miss Charlotte Thompson has made from Mrs. Margaret Deland's novel, "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," and in its heroine character Miss Margaret Anglin is again asserting her right to be reckoned among the foremost emotional actresses of our stage. The production has proved a huge success for these three gifted women. It has, in fact, rejuvenated a school of writing and acting which, from lack of new blood, has gradually grown anæmic and unpopular. When, lately, have we heard the lachrymal gurgitations of our once dearly beloved Camilles and Frou Frous?

There is no need to describe the bitter experiences of Mrs. Deland's erring heroine in the narrow, gossiping village of old Chester. As one of the "best sellers" of its year, the story was so widely read that its details are too familiar to require repetition now.

The most difficult problem with which Miss Anglin and her authors had to deal was to keep the struggle which takes place in the soul of *Helena Richie* vividly before the audience and to disentangle it from the mere surface detail of the play. This feat in dramatic psychology they have accomplished and in it lies the secret of the drama's sure appeal to the sympathies. Drama of physical action is never lacking but, hand in hand and superior to it, moves the deeper, more significant spiritual and mental conflict.

The opening act rapidly sketches the contradictory circumstances of *Helena Richie's* life in the old Pennsylvania town. Her secret relation with *Lloyd Pryor*, whom others believe to be her



brother, is clearly conveyed but mainly by inference. Palliation is offered for her conduct, yet not mawkishly, by emphasizing the cruel experiences of her past unhappy married life.

Soon comes the entrance of *David Allison*, the waif, into her unfortunate existence. The child brings a flood of sunshine which is presently to be dispelled by the menacing clouds of old *Benjamin Wright's* suspicions of her

true character and Sam Wright's insane passion of love. Then follows the thunder clap of Lloyd Pryor's desertion of Helena when news comes of the death of her husband.

Meanwhile the beautiful, tender character of *Doctor Lavender*, the village minister, is being developed with sympathetic touches of art, and finally the drama rises with increasing intensity to the emotional climax in which the kindly

John Findlay and Miss Margaret Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie"

Photograph by Byron, New York

preacher convinces the sinful woman that her only atonement lies in giving up her adopted child.

There is danger in this climax, coming at the moment of *David's* departure on his visit to Philadelphia, childishly unconscious that he is leaving his foster mother forever. It opens to Miss Anglin temptations for a display of hysterical tantrums as dangerous as ever confronted an actress. Not once, though, does she

weaken her rôle by exaggeration. Extravagance and artifice, alike, are conquered. The spectacle she presents is one of mute suffering restrained yet intense, and beautifully modulated to meet the demands of convincing art. The scene at this climax is her finest moment in the play. I recall no other native actress who could excel her performance of it.

There is, I admit, in this scene, as in the entire drama, a tricky reliance upon false sentiment. But what emotional melodrama with an erring heroine was ever free from a false appeal to our easily stirred compassions? Miss Anglin depends upon a prattling child to strengthen the emotional value of her acting. Fortunately, little Raymond Hackett,

who represents *David*, displays none of that irritating precocity usually found in child performers, but goes through the scene in a manner quite unique for its unconscious simplicity. He is therefore, more than an obvious means to create a contrast.

The various other members of the cast, including Mr. John Findlay as *Dr. Lavender*, Mr. Robert Cummings as *Benjamin Wright*, Mr. George Probert as the nephew, and Mr. Eugene Ormonde

as Lloyd Pryor, play their rôles with most commendable effectiveness. I have been told that Miss Anglin not only selected her own company but conducted its rehearsals and regulated even the minor details of the production. If this be true, the results prove that she is a stage-manager of fine ability who, now that she has elected to control her own destinies, will be a person to reckon with in the future, from whom still finer accom-

plishments may confidently be expected.

THE failure in disconcerting succession of half a dozen light comedies which, in seasons less uncertain than this, might confidently have been expected to pursue their little careers in comfortable prosperity, may be explained, I fancy, by the decided turn for the better in nearly all the new musical productions.

I am not, as a rule, much impressed by these traps for the "tired business man" which their makers have been in the habit of baiting with a farrago of near-wit or frank vulgarity sugarcoated with melodious treacle. And usually I have given them scant attention in these reviews. Until lately not many have been worth

even the briefest mention.

But at the beginning of this season, thanks to the influence of "The Merry Widow," the musical comedy managers began to see a great light. It became plain to them that even the most thoughtless audiences were tiring of stupid froth and of stage pictures which were no more than animated show-windows.

So, lately, the quality of the musical comedies has been soaring like a rocket, until now there are four or five in the



heyday of popularity and capable, too, of affording as pleasant light entertainment as one could wish. They are more than ever a menace to the legitimate plays, but their good taste relieves them

of their earlier stigma.

One of these, "The Love Cure," with its flood of Viennesc melodies, I described in these pages a month ago. A near neighbor to it, which is newer, is, "The Chocolate Soldier," the score of which, by Mr. Oscar Strauss, a nephew of the Vienna "waltz king," includes some of the most charming of light music heard in years. There are dreamy love plaints which haunt your memory, crashing, swinging marches which set your blood tingling, lilting waltz rhythms which enfold you in their melodies, and dashing choruses which inspire you and whet your appetitie for more.

The libretto is of much less account. It is an attempt to alter Mr. George Bernard Shaw's satirical comedy, "Arms and the Man," to suit a lighter purpose but, as was to be expected, the German adapters of it missed nearly all its pith

and sparkle.

Mr. Stanislaus Stange, who turned it back into English, did not trouble to replace those characteristic qualities but was content with almost a direct translation. Miss Ida Brooks Hunt makes fine headway in the rôle of the Colonel's daughter and, moreover, sings the difficult music delightfully, but the satire of the rôle of the Swiss lieutenant eludes Mr. J. E. Gardner.

Others in the cast who do credit to themselves are Miss Flavia Arcaro, Mr. William Pruette, and Mr. George Tall-

man.

Of lighter musical texture, but of even more romantic charm, is Mr. Charles Frohman's importation of "The Dollar Princess," a huge London success, which he has staged in delicate style and with exceeding beauty. With its pretty score by Mr. Leo Fall the orchestras are sure to be busy this winter, for its waltz music is an imperative summons to the dance.

The acting in the production goes hand in hand with its other fine qualities. At the head of the cast, and even more graceful and romantic than before, appears Mr. Donald Brian, who first set young feminine hearts palpitating in "The Merry Widow." Masculine hearts are also given an opportunity to palpitate under the spell of the piece, for two of the radiant visions of the plot are Miss Valli Valli and dainty Miss Adrienne Augarde.

These impersonate the daughter and niece of an American millionaire whose wealth and position prevent them for a time from marrying two poor youths. But at last love finds a way and all ends

happily.

Such songs as "Lady Fortune," "The Riding Lesson," "Typewriting," "Paragraphs," "The Dollar Princess," "Love's a Race," and "Reminiscence"—these are only seven out of a list of twenty-one—are enough to keep any musical play in popularity. Indeed, "The Dollar Princess," with all her other adornments, wears a string of musical pearls.

Perhaps loyalty to our own composers and librettists should have dictated that I give precedence to the Casino's production of "The Girl and the Wizard," which now seems destined to keep Mr. Sam Bernard in popularity on Broadway for a year. This diverting piece, in spite of Mr. Julian Edwards' pretty score, narrowly misses being a real play, so definite is the plot which Mr. J. Hartley Manners has woven for it. In its leading rôle of an old German lapidary, who grows romantic and aspires to marry in his old age, Mr. Bernard demonstrates what I have often suspected in his case before-that he might become a real actor if only he had the inclination.

Though the spirit of the piece is comic, Mr. Bernard often sounds a note of pathos in his character, but he is wise enough to end all such scenes with a humorous twist. Only once does he lapse into song. "How Can I Toot" is the title of this number, and its mosaic of broken dialect is convulsingly funny.

But Mr. Bernard's best opportunity comes late in the evening when he undertakes to rehearse a play which he has written to celebrate his approaching wedding. Here he becomes entangled in his temperament, and the result is as amus-



Sam Bernard and Miss Kitty Gordon in "The Girl and the Wizard"



Group of principals from "The Chocolate Soldier"

ing as any of the laughable stunts he used to perform in the old days at Weber & Fields'.

Nor is "The Girl and the Wizard" in any sense a one-comedian affair. Mr. Bernard's leading support this year is Miss Kittie Gordon, an uncommonly talented English singer, who suggests Miss Mary Garden in more ways than a mere similarity of names. She possesses what most other English musical comedy actresses have not-a true sense of humor - and she also has what few others in her profession can claim-a remarkably fine singing voice. "Military Mary Ann," her first song, in spite of its rollicking spirit, does not give a fair idea of her ability. Surprise comes with her languorous number, "The Blue Lagoon," and the range and beauty of her voice in "The Black Butterfly" at last leave very little to be desired.

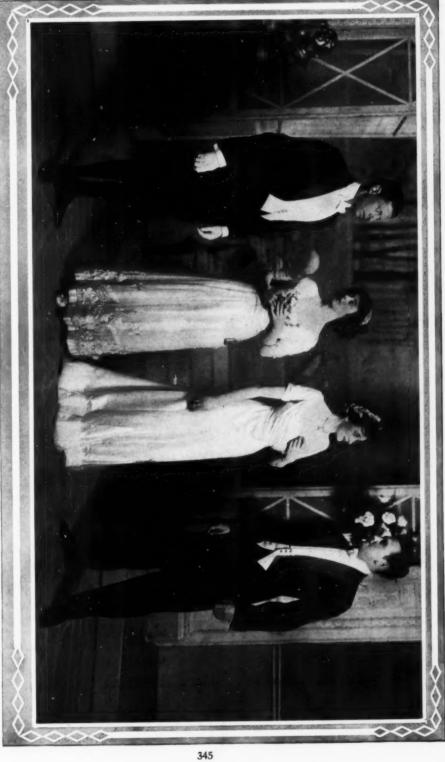
Although a spirit of hilarity pervades the piece it is entirely free from vulgarity or suggestiveness. Except for "Havana." it is the best musical play the Casino has sheltered in half a dozen years.

I would attempt, in connection with

these musical plays, to describe the Hippodrome's new production if such a feat were possible in even ten times the space I have at my command. Here, truly, is a case in which mere words fail. The stupendous spectacle this year includes "A Trip to Japan," "Inside the Earth," and "The Ballet of the Jewels," and they do not contain a feature in which the mammoth amusement palace has not outdone all its previous efforts—impossible as such a feat would seem in the light of past performances.

Do you want to see an ocean liner setting out to sea, with a complete panorama of New York and its surrounding rivers and bays? Or a ballet of five hundred coryphees representing every precious stone in Nature's treasure-house? Or an entire village of genuine savage New Zealand Maoris occupied in native domestic and warlike pursuits? Or a lovely fairy picture in which half a hundred sprites sweep gayly down a majestic flight of steps and disappear beneath the water of a lagoon, only to rise to the surface ten minutes later seated in flower-decked barges?

These are only a few of the twenty





wonders of a production, the beauties and surprises of which have been equaled nowhere else on any of the stages of the world.

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I FORESEE that in future comments I shall have occasion to say much of Miss Hedwig Reicher. She was the artistic bulwark last year of one of the German stock companies, to whose performances

I was irresistibly drawn whenever she was announced for a leading rôle, and at such times I always found myself comparing her with Miss Julia Marlowe, whom she curiously resembles both in appearance and

method. Miss Marlowe, herself, may have noticed the similarity, for she, too, was in the audiences whenever opportunity presented itself.

Miss Reicher has now followed the examples of Mme. Alla Nazimova and other foreign stars by casting her fortunes with the English spoken drama.

She is a distinct acquisition to our native stage. She brings to it histrionic talent of a high order and moreover, she has acquired our language so well that already there is only the faintest trace of a foreign accent in her speech. She is lithe and beautiful, a brunette of pronounced type, with strongly defined features which express vividly the moods of an intensely passionate nature. Emotional characters will be her forte and, though her training has been in the realistic Continental school, I do not think she will

wreck her future on the erotic plays which have already begun to vitiate Mme. Nazimova's influence.

Her first play, I admit, is not quite in accord with the prevailing temper of our audiences. It is Miss Martha Morton's adaptation of Dr. Leopold Kampf's powerful, gloomy drama of Nihilistic Russia, "On the Eve." Depressing as it is, it nevertheless has a unique value because it exerts more than the conventional melodramatic appeal. One hears vibrating between its lines the sinister note of a people distraught and oppressed. It strikes a deeper note than the visible distress of its handful of characters. The struggle of a whole people has been staged. It is the very spirit of revolution that has been voiced. There is in it an all prevailing atmosphere of prosecution, of conspiracy.

Yet, despite this larger message which "On the Eve" contrives to sound, the play, as a work of art, was much more effective as it came from Dr. Kampf's pen. By visualizing *Teploff*, the Russian Minister of Police, instead of allowing him to remain an unseen, menacing influence, Miss Morton has weakened the original play and produced in this character only a melodramatic deus ex ma-

china which contrives, in spite of the efforts of Mr. Frank Keenan, to dilute somewhat its tragic meaning. Miss Morton reckoned beyond her host when she attempted to improve Dr. Kampf's work.

The plot, stripped of its intense sidelights, amounts to little. A band of patriots, whose printing press works in secret, is struggling with noble devotion for the cause of Free Russia. Their priestess

and leader is *Anna Ricanskaya*, a Russian Joan of Arc. She is a general's daughter, one night brilliant in jewels, the next clothed in the humble garb of the common people.

Among her companions is Vassili, finely acted by Mr. Frederick Lewis, whom she believes to be a student but who, really, is the disowned son of a prince. Their common dangers and devotion to the cause of freedom lead to their romantic attachment. At last they are avowed lovers. Then comes their tragic

mutual sacrifice.

Anna's influence has secured from Teploff what she believes to be his promise to end a strike which threatens to visit new horrors upon the people. They are summoned to the churches and, having been collected, are trampled by the horses of the Cossacks and mowed down by the machine-guns of the troops. Is there not here a faithful echo of the infamy of that historic Petersburg Sunday of last May which will stand through the ages as an indelible reproach to the Russian autocracy?

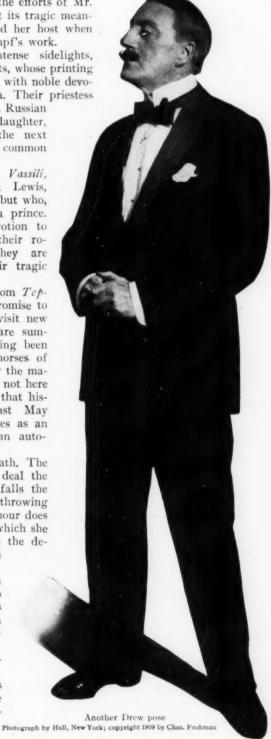
The band decrees *Teploff's* death. The votes are cast. The summons to deal the blow goes to *Vassili*. To *Anna* falls the duty of giving the signal for the throwing of the bomb. Not until the fatal hour does she know that the lighted candle which she must hold in her window means the de-

struction of her lover no less than the tyrant.

In its struggle with her passion of love, her patriotic devotion to the cause triumphs. The signal is given. There is the crash of a mighty explosion in the street below.

"The Revolution! Onward! Onward!"

Anna's last exultant cry rings with the militant spirit of a people eager to sacrifice its all for a right-eous cause.





That scene is a fair index of the power of our new actress.

I will not say that Miss Reicher's first performance equals the best work she has done in her native drama. But it bears abundant promise and it comes at a time when our depleted histrionic ranks need so valuable a recruit.

AGREAT many people will dote on Mr. Channing Pollock's palpitating

little comedy of dethroned royalty, "Such a Little Queen." Mr. Pollock can never be accused of improprieties and he writes gracefully.

In the geography of his new play are mythical Balkan provinces; romantic princes, and princesses torn cruelly from one another by the relentless hand of fate; obsequious prime ministers and, last of all, a glad romantic reunion.

But the scenes are laid in prosaic New



Photograph by Mishkin, New York

Miss Elsie Ferguson in "Such A Little Queen"



Photograph by White, New York

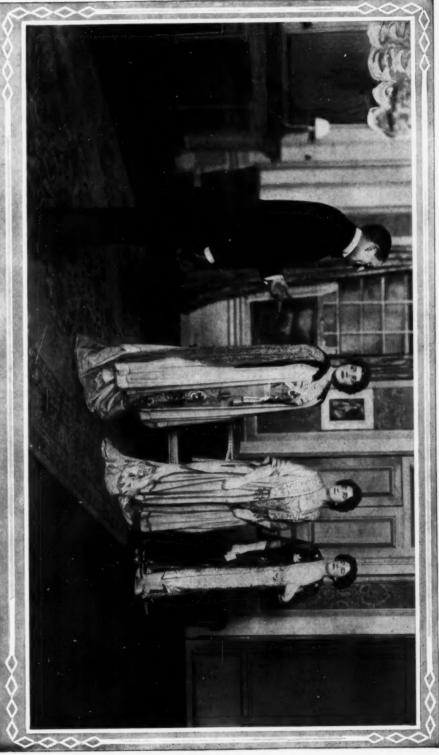
Frank Keenan and Mile. Hedwig Reicher in a strong scene from "On the Eve"

York and even in its most prosaic section—Harlem. Here, in a "push button" flat, the banished Queen of Herzegovina mashes potatoes with her golden scepter, fries chops on a gas stove in her coronation robes, and confesses the yearnings of her youthful heart to her pet canary. Here, too, the overthrown King of Bosnia struggles with poverty and idles away his near-royal life, longing for the splendors of the court from which he has

been banished into prosy American exile.

The Queen finds employment as a stenographer in a downtown office and the King becomes a poorly paid clerk. They learn, amid trials, that industry in America makes all men and women kings and queens, and that the ermine of royalty is not essential to true happiness.

Presently the King is summoned back to his throne in Bosnia but he will not go unless the Queen, too, be permitted



Photograph by Hall, New York: copyright 1969 by Charles Frohman
John Drew, Miss Desmond Kelly, Miss Adelaide Prince and Miss Jane Laurel in a scene from "Inconstant George"

to return. For a time the Embassy—and what a comic opera embassy it is!
—is obdurate, but bribery at last clears the way. Harlem's loss then becomes

Bosnia's gain.

Miss Elsie Ferguson plays Queen Anna Victoria prettily if not remarkably. Mr. Frank Gillmore gives a manly dash to King Stephen, who sometimes shows symptoms of being pretty much of a prig. A better impersonation is that by Mr. George W. Barnum, of the faithful old Prime Minister. One character which Mr. Pollock employs ingeniously is Robert Trainor, a young American, played by Mr. Francis Byrne. You do not know until the close to whom—the King or Trainor—Queen Anna Victoria will ultimately give her heart, and herein lies the real suspense in the play.

INCONSTANT GEORGE," the frail bark in which Mr. John Drew is navigating the treacherous theatrical seas this season, would not call for much consideration were it not that Mr. Drew is more than an actor. He is an institution. And, being an institution, he can afford to take the risk of such an anæmic comedy as Miss Gladys Unger has deodorized for his use from the French original of de Flers and de Caillavet.

In this piece Mr. Drew passes under the name of *George Bullin*, but he takes crupulous care never to be more than Mr. Drew, wearing the newest fashions in cravats and waistcoats and not hiding the light of his personal mannerisms under the bushel of assumed character. He is very precise, very circumspect, and very easy in his bearing. All of which are exactly what his admirers expect him to be.

George Bullin is a middle-aged bachelor of promiscuous romantic tendencies. When a pretty woman is in his neighborhood he straightway suffers from anæmia of the will. In other words, he must make love to all the petticoats he meets, and having aroused their reciprocal affections, he cannot make a choice among them. Everyone calls him "My Dear"

and he seems unable to understand why.

Having involved himself with the wife, the friend, and the ward of one of his cronies at a watering place in France, Bullin retires to the comfort of a suit of Alice-blue pyjamas and the privacy of his bedroom to seek needed respite from his lovemaking. But soon comes Lucien de Versannes, his crony, to reproach him for his amorous proclivities and to read a few of the love letters which bear uncomfortable testimony both to his inconstancy and his perfidy.

Throughout this scene Mr. Drew hops in and out of bed almost with the regularity of clock-work. Lest the vision of his lovely tinted pyjamas grow monotonous to his audience, he betakes himself occasionally to a gorgeously brocaded dressing-gown, a replica of which will be found forthwith in the wardrobe of every "best dresser" in New York.

Meanwhile, the dialogue ambles along with wearisome indirection, sometimes, but not often, blundering upon a bright speech. In the end de Versannes' spiteful ward, Micheline, who has no respect for conventions but knows what she wants when she wants it, captures Bullin for her own and forces enough of an impulse of constancy into his inconstant heart to make him propose to her.

This little play, I take it, was a clever comedy of intrigue in its French original. But I have no doubt, also, that its humorous plan was too Gallic for Mr. Drew's polite clientele. Both its pith and point have been sacrificed in the deodorizing process and, as it stands, it is altogether too thin an affair for a comedian

of Mr. Drew's pretentions.

He is exceedingly easy in its leading rôle and in Miss Mary Boland, as *Micheline*, he has just the right kind of a leading actress—one who will claim a fair amount of interest from the audience without encroaching upon the star's preserves.

None of the other members put much sparkle into their rôles. They need not be blamed seriously, since the only functions they have to perform is to act as "feeders" to the star.